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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

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CHAPTER XXX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: IN WHICH TWO GREAT PIECES OF GOOD FORTUNE BEFALL US—ONE VISIBLE, THE OTHER INVISIBLE.

SIR GEORGE HILLYAR, I found out afterwards, had sat in Parliament twice in his life, on the Tory interest. If there had been any interest more re-actionary than the Tory interest, he would have connected himself with it instantly. He had utterly outnewcastled Newcastle ever since he married his keeper's daughter: since he had brought a plebeian Lady Hillyar into the house, it became necessary for the family respectability to assert itself in some other direction, and it asserted itself in the direction of Toryism. Sir George, with the assistance of a few others, got up a little Tory revival; and they had so edified and improved one another—so encouraged one another to tread in newer and higher fields of Toryism—as to be looked on with respectful admiration by the rest of the party. And among this small knot of men who claimed, as it were, a superior sanctity, Sir George Hillyar had the first place conceded to him, as the most shining light of them all.

At this time—at the time of our troubles—a general election was approaching, and Sir George Hillyar, at the solicitation of a powerful body of men, determined to enter public life for

No. 56.—VOL. X.

the third time, and contest, when the time should come, the borough of Malton.

We heard this news from Mr. Compton, and were wondering why he had come to tell us about it, when he struck us all of a heap by announcing a most remarkable piece of good fortune. Sir George had offered Joe the post of private secretary, with a salary of two hundred a-year.

"And what do you think of that?" said Mr. Compton, triumphantly, to Joe.

Joe was trying to express his astonishment and delight, when he fairly burst into tears; and I don't think any of us were very far behind him. We had always known that Sir George meant to provide for Joe, but we never expected such an offer as this to come at such a time.

"And what do you think of that? Is the salary enough?"

"Lord bless you, sir," said Joe; "never mind the salary. I'd go barefoot in such a place as that. There is no telling how I may end."

"Indeed, you are right," said Mr. Compton; "and you thoroughly deserve your good fortune. Sir George has employed me for a long time to make inquiries about your capacity and steadiness, and you have enabled me to make such a report of you as has secured you this offer. I wish you every success."

So Joe departed, dressed like a gentleman, "burning high with hope." The family troubles were to come to an

end in no time now. All the morning before he went he was restlessly and eagerly, with flushed face, laying out his plans for our future benefit; and Emma either was, or pretended to be, as enthusiastic and hopeful as he was, and encouraged, nay, even surpassed, his boldest flights of fancy, until, by her arts, she had got Joe to believe that all which had to be done, was already done, and to forget, for a time at least, that he was leaving us behind in poverty and wearing anxiety.

Delighted as we were with his good fortune, we sadly felt the loss of one familiar face at such a time as that. But soon we had other things to think of, for our troubles came faster and faster.

On the Saturday night after Joe had gone, I noticed that our three men were unusually boisterous. George Martin, the head man, struck me as meaning mischief of some kind, and I watched him carefully. He hurried his work in a somewhat offensive manner, struck with unnecessary vigour, upset the tools and swore at them,—did everything in fact that he ought not to do, except lame any of the horses; with *them* he was still the splendid workman that my father had made him. But in whatever he did, all the fore part of the afternoon, the other two followed suit, though with smaller cards. They did not speak to my father or me, but they told one another stories, which were received with ostentatious laughter; and Martin seemed inclined to bully my fellow-apprentice, Tom Williams. My father and I knew what they were going to do; they were going to strike, and make it easier by quarrelling with us.

They had not much chance of doing that. I was very angry, but I imitated my father as well as I could; and he, that afternoon, was more courteous, more patient, and more gentle than ever. About three o'clock my father was called out on business, and they, to my great delight, began quarrelling among themselves. How little I thought what that quarrel would lead to!

The moment my father's back was turned Jack Martin began on Tom Wil-

liams, the apprentice, again. At first he confined himself to impertinences, and kept addressing him as *Werk'us* (he was a parish boy, which made my father very jealous about having him ill-used or insulted, as Jack Martin well knew); but after a time, finding that Tom was as gentle and as patient as ever, he began to take further liberties, and dropped two or three things on his toes, and once threw a shoe at him. Meanwhile I would have died sooner than interfere on behalf of Tom, though I could have stopped Jack Martin at once.

Now, the third and youngest of our men, who had been with us about a year, was a young Cornishman, Trevittick by name, a very taciturn, almost sulky fellow, who had resisted all our efforts to be intimate with him, but who had in his silent, sulky way conceived a great regard, certainly never exhibited in public, for Tom Williams, the apprentice. After he had been with us about a month he had obtained my father's consent to Tom's sharing his lodgings, at his, Trevittick's, expense. Shortly afterwards I made the surprising discovery that he and Tom used to sit up half the night reading mechanics and geology, and that Tom was bound to the very strictest secrecy on the subject. To this man Trevittick, therefore, whose personal appearance was that of a very strong Jew prize-fighter, with frizzly purple hair, I, on this occasion, left the defence of Tom Williams, with the most perfect confidence.

Trevittick was the most absolutely silent man I ever met in my life. Consequently, when Jack Martin had, for a pretended fault, taken Tom Williams by the hair of his head and shaken him, and Trevittick had said, in a short, sharp growl, "Leave that boy alone, you coward," Jack Martin stood aghast, and asked him what he said.

"You heard what I said well enough. Do it."

Martin was very much surprised, and made no answer for an instant; but the word "yield" (or more correctly the expression "shut up") and Jack Mar-

tin were utter strangers; so he walked up to Tom Williams, collared him, and shook him again.

"Drop that boy now, Jack, or I'll make'ee," growled Trevittick once more, in a rather deeper tone.

After this, according to the laws of London honour, there remained nothing but for Jack Martin to call on Trevittick to come outside; which corresponds to the "after school" or "the old place" of your early days, my dear sir. But Jack had not time to say the words, when my father—who had been waiting outside, talking to a man on business—thought fit to come in, and to say in a very gentle, polite voice,

"Mates! mates! if you'll be so good as to work in my time, and to quarrel arterwards in your own, I shall be obliged."

So they set to work again, I all the time, like a low-lived boy as I was, thinking what a splendid fight there would be in Battersea fields the next morning; for there were certainly not a dozen men in the prize-ring who could have stood long, before either Jack Martin or Trevittick.

But at six o'clock, although there was still work enough to keep my father and Tom Williams and me hard at it till two o'clock on Sunday morning, my father said it was time to knock off, and took out the men's money. Jack Martin was paid first, and he, I knew, would be spokesman. When he got his money he spit on it, and then jingled it in his closed hands.

"Come, Mr. Burton," he said, in a tone of injured innocence. "Why they're a-giving of a pound down at Jumston's. That's what Jumston's a-doing on. A-giving of a pound."

"And I think, Jack, as Mr. Jumston's giving two shillings too much. Why, that six shillings as you men are asking for, is six shillings off the kids' victuals. Six bob's worth of bread and butter, as I'm a true man."

Jack Martin began to talk himself into a passion, while my father raised himself on to the forge, and sat comfortably on the edge of the cinders.

"Well, then, I'll tell you where it is," said Jack Martin, "me and my mates must look to ourselves. White men, leave alone Druids and Foresters, is not slaves nor negro bones. Nor are they going to be, Mr. Burton; thank you for your kind intentions all the same. Come, sack us, will you? Take and give the sack to the whole three on us. Come."

"I don't want to give you the sack, Jack Martin," said my father. "I'm a ruined man, as you know. But I won't rob the kids."

"Then this is where it is," said the other, who had now got himself into as towering a passion as he could have wished; "the master as won't give the pound when asked, nor the sack when challenged, is no master for me or my mates."

"Well, you needn't get in a wax over it, old chap," said my father. "If you like to stay for eighteen bob, stay. I don't want you to go."

"Not if we know it, thank you," said Jack, louder than ever. "We must look to ourselves. If you won't give us the sack, why, then we take it. Now!"

"I've been a good and kind master to you, Jack. I've taught you your trade. And now, when things look a little black, you want to leave me. And you're not contented with leaving, but you are so ashamed of your meanness that you puts yourself into a passion, and irritates and insults me. Now it runs to this, Jack. You're a younger man than me: but if you hollers like that, in this here shop, I'll be blowed if I don't see whether I can't put you out of it. You'd better go."

Jack was so astonished at such a speech as this coming from the pacific James Burton, that he departed wondering and rather ashamed. My father paid the other man, and he went, and then he turned to Trevittick, who was sitting on the anvil, and offered him his money.

"Never mind me, master," growled Trevittick, speaking now for the first time; "I ain't a-going to leave you. I was going this morning, but I've thought

better of it. Never mind thikky money neither. I've a-got to fight to Jack Martin to-morrow morning, and I should be knocking that down, and a deal more too. You'm best owe me my wages a few weeks. I've saved lots, ain't I, Tom?"

But Tom had disappeared. And looking at my father I saw that he had coloured scarlet up to the roots of his hair, but was quite silent. After a time he managed to say to Trevittick, "Thank ye, lad—thank 'ee, kindly." That was all he said, and all that Trevittick wanted him to say.

Trevittick went out without another word; but in about half-an-hour he came back with Tom Williams, and silently set to work. When my father got behind him he began telegraphing to Tom Williams, and Tom replied by nodding his head nearly off, and smiling. Then the next time my father got near Tom he patted him on the back; by which things I knew that Tom had contrived to stop the fight, and that we should never know whether the Cornishman or the Londoner was the best man. Was I a little disappointed? Well, I am afraid I was a little disappointed. It was so very long ago, you must remember, and I did not write "Honourable" before my name at that time. But strict truth compels me to state that I was a little disappointed; I was indeed.

Meanwhile we three set to work, and worked far into the night: none of us any more conscious of the astounding piece of good fortune which had befallen us than was Fred, asleep on Emma's shoulder, with his balmy breath upon her cheek.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE BEGINS TO TAKE A NEW INTEREST
IN REUBEN.

THERE was no doubt at all that what Erne had said was true. So anxious was he not to come between his brother and his father, that he never interrupted them in a *tête-à-tête*; nay more, seldom saw much of his father except

in the presence of George's wife, Gerty. These three, however, were very much together, and enjoyed one another's company immensely.

George was furious at this arrangement; he had set Gerty on his father expressly to see what she could do. She was making immense progress with the old man, when Erne stepped in, as it seemed to him, and interfered. He attributed Erne's eager pleasure in the society of his sister-in-law to the very deepest *finesse*. In his generous conduct he chose to see nothing but the lowest and meanest cunning.

"Look at him," he would growl to himself behind his book; "look at the artful cub, with his great eyes, and his gentle voice. Who would think he was such a young sneak? practising off his arts against those of my—Oh! my trebly-dyed fool of a wife. If she had had an ounce of brains, we might have had that will altered long ago. If I could only get her to quarrel with Erne! But she won't, and I daren't scold her, for fear she should show signs of it before him. Oh! if she only knew what I was saying to her under my breath sometimes!—if she only knew that!"

George could hate pretty well, and now he got to hate Erne most decidedly. Poor fellow! he still loved his wife, but she made him terribly mad with her silliness sometimes. It was well for Gerty that she was under the protection of Sir George Hillyar. James Oxtan would have trembled had he seen the expression of George's face now at times. The long-continued anxiety about his succession in his father's will was wearing him into a state of nervous excitement. He, at this time, took up with one of his old habits again. He used to go to London and play heavily.

Reuben had stayed about Stanlake so long that it was just as well, said Sir George, that he should stay on until they went to the Thames in the summer. Although he was only hired by the month, yet every one about the place would have been universally surprised if anything had occurred to

terminate his engagement. He was considered now to be a sort of servant to Erne, who seemed much attached to him; but every one knew that it was by the wish of Sir George himself that Reuben was retained there. Also it is singular; but the well-trained servants found out that Reuben was to be called Reuben, and that the name of Burton was not to be used at all; and when Joe made his appearance as secretary, they were instructed to address him as Mr. Joseph. Some of the older servants, who remembered Samuel, knew well enough why; and wondered to themselves whether or no he knew who Reuben was.

It was not very long after the arrival of the George Hillyars, that George, walking through the grounds, by the edge of the lake, near the boat-house, came across Reuben; who, with his boat-mending instinct, acting under the impression that he must do something, was scraping a fir sapling with a spoke-shave, trying to make a punt-pole of it: which is what no one, who cares for a ducking, ever did yet. He was also singing to himself a song very popular at that time among the London youth, which may be advantageously sung to the tune of "Sitch a getting up stairs:" if you can only get the words, which I fear are lost for ever. Reuben had his back to George, and George heard him sing, with the most determined cockney accent—

"The very next morning he was seen,
In a jacket and breeches of velveteen.
To Bagnigge Wells then in a bran
New gownd she went with this 'ere dog's
meat man.
She had shrimps and ale with the dog's
meat man,
And she walked arm in arm with the dog's
meat man,
And the coves all said, what around did
stan',
That he were a werry nobby dog's meat
man.
Oh he were such a handsome dog's meat man,
Such a sinivating titivating dog's meat man."

George Hillyar called out, "Hallo, you fellow!"

And Reuben, not seeing who it was,

replied, "Hallo, you fellow! it is." And then he turned round, and, seeing who it was, was shent, and thought he was going to catch it."

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said; "I thought you was the turncock come for the income-tax. There," he added, with one of his irresistible laughs, "don't be angry, your honour. I can't help talking nonsense at times, if I was hung for it."

"Are you the young waterman that my father has taken such a fancy to?"

Reuben sheepishly said he supposed he was.

"I shouldn't advise you to treat him to many such songs as you were singing just now. You should try to drop all this blackguardism if you mean to get on with him."

"Lord bless you, sir," said Reuben, "you'd never make nothink of me. I've been among the coal barges too long, I have."

"I've seen many a swell made out of rougher stuff than you; you might make rather a fine bird in other feathers. How old are you?"

"Twenty, sir."

"Has he given you any education?"

"Has who, sir?"

"Sir George, of course."

"No, sir," said Reuben, in wonder.

"What a shame," thought George to himself. "I wonder what he is going to do for him. There is one thing," he went on thinking, and looking at Reuben with a smile; "there is no mistake about the likeness: I shall make friends with the son of the bondwoman. I wonder who the dickens *she* was. I like this fellow's looks, much."

"Who is your friend?" he asked aloud, pointing to a young man who had just come up, and was waiting respectfully a little way off.

"That is my cousin James, sir."

James Burton, who has told some three quarters of the story hitherto, here approached. He was a tall, good-looking lad of about eighteen, with a very amiable face, and yet one which gave you the idea that he was deficient neither in brains nor determination. He approached George with confidence,

though with great respect, and waited for him to speak.

"So you are Erne's friend the blacksmith, hey?" said George.

James said "Yes."

"And how does your pretty sister do, eh, lad? I am very anxious to see this pretty flame of Erne's. If she is as pretty as Erne says she is, the young rogue must have an eye for beauty."

Jim blushed very much, and looked very awkward, at this free and easy way of implying an engagement between Erne and Emma. He said nothing, however, and immediately George turned away from him and began talking once more to Reuben.

This was their first interview, and very soon Reuben had won over George Hillyar as he had won his father. Another noticeable fact is that the old man perceived George's growing liking for Reuben, and seemed pleased at it. George had nothing to complain of in his father's treatment of him. So George was very kind indeed.

If Erne could have been got out of the way, George thought, every thing must go right.

He had been home about six months, when one morning he would go rabbit-shooting, and so he sent for old Morton, the head keeper, and they went out alone together.

It was a glorious May day, a day on which existence was a pleasure, and they left the moist valley and the thick dark woods far behind them, and climbed up the steep slope of the chalk down, to shoot among the flowering broom, which feathered the very loftiest summit. They stood up there, with the county at their feet like a map, and the happy May wind singing among the grass and the junipers around them.

Poor George felt quieter up here with his old friend. He had been to London the night before, playing, and losing heavily, and he had been more than usually irritated with Erne that morning. Instead of setting to work shooting, he sat down beside old Morton on the grass, and, taking off his hat, let the fresh wind blow his hair about.

"Morton, old fellow," he began, "I wish I hadn't got such a cursed temper. You mayn't think it, but I very often wish I was a better fellow."

"You are good enough for me, Master George," said the old man. "You were always my favourite."

"I know it," said George. "That is very queer. Did you think of me at the time I was away?"

"I always thought of my own plucky lad that I taught to shoot. I thought of you constant through all that weary time. But it's come to an end now. You sowed your wild oats, it's true."

"But I haven't reaped them," said George, with his head on his hands.

The old man took no notice of this; he went on: "And here you are home again, with the most beautiful of all the Lady Hillyars, since there were a Lady Hillyar. And Sir George coming round so beautiful, and all—"

"But I am disinherited," said George; "disinherited in favour of Erne."

"Not disinherited, sir. I know more than that."

"Next thing to it," said poor George. "I know as much as that."

"There's time enough to alter all that; and mark, my word, Master George, I know Sir George better than any man living, and I can take liberties with him that you durstn't—bah! that Master Erne durstn't. And I tell you that sweet little lady of yours has wound herself round his heart, in a way you little think. I held you on my knee when you were a little one, and I dare say anything to you. I hear you cursing on her to yourself for a fool, the other day. Now you leave her alone. Fool she may be, but she will do the work if it is to be done. I hear 'em together, Sir George and her, the other day, and I says to myself, 'Either you are the silliest little hare of a thing as ever ran, or else you are the artfullest little—'. There, I forget. You let her alone. If it is to be done, she'll do it."

"No, she won't, old fellow," said George. "There's Erne in the way. There's Erne, I tell you, man. He never

leaves them alone together. He is always thrusting his cursed beautiful head in between them, and ruining every thing. (Here he gave way, and used language about Erne which I decline to write, though there was not a single oath, or a single improper expression in it). Why, I tell you, Morton, that fellow's beauty, and amiability, and affectionate gentleness, and all that sort of thing, as nearly won me as possible. At one time I was saying to myself, 'If my father denies me justice, I shall be able to get it from him;' and so I thought, until I saw that all this amiability and gentleness was merely the art of a beautiful devil. When I saw him declining to do battle with me, like a man, and saw him sneak in between my wife and my father, then I said to myself—then I said to myself—Oh, stop me, old Morton, and don't let me talk myself mad. I want to be better. I swear to God I want to be better. But I am sinking into hell, and there is no one to save me. Where's James Oxtou? Why was he fool enough to let me leave him? And Aggy; how these shallow-brained women delude us, with their mincing airs of wisdom! See what they have brought me to now."

Perhaps, if the poor fellow had chosen to make friends in his own rank in life, he might have found one honest, educated man, who would have set everything right for him; at all events have shown him that his suspicions of Erne were incorrect, and have made the ordinary routine of life, in his own rank, more pleasant to him. But he had, through vanity and idleness, early in life acquired the taste for being the greatest man in the company; and the only company where he was king was the company of his inferiors, and the passion stuck to him, and so there he was, at the turning point of his life, telling his troubles to a foolish old gamekeeper.

The old man said nothing to turn away George's wrath from Erne. Why should he? George had always been his favourite, and he believed what he said about Erne. No; he only tried to soothe the poor fellow with common-

places, and let him sit with his head in his hands until the wild fit had passed over. Then old Morton was glad to hear him change the conversation.

"What do you think of that young Reuben?" asked George.

"Reuben," said the old man, laughing; "why, every one is fond of Reuben. A merry, cheeky young dog."

"I have taken a great fancy to the fellow myself. I have a very great mind to take him for my servant."

"I daresay he would make a good one, master," said Morton. "But I should have thought you had had one too many of that name. His father wasn't so satisfactory an investment as might be, and—"

"His father," said George, looking quickly round. "Are you mad?"

"Do you mean to say," said the other eagerly, "that you don't know that this Reuben's name is Burton, and that he is the son of your old servant Samuel, by—you know who?"

George started up, and stood looking at Morton, silent and deadly pale, with his hands clasped wildly in his hair, for nearly a minute—a ghastly sight to see. Then with a hollow groan he sank on his knees, and his look of blank horror was changed into one of pitiful entreaty.

"Morton! Morton! don't kill me. The dog has deceived me. Don't tell me that *she* is alive too. Don't kill me by telling me that."

"Get up from the grass, Master George. You frighten me. She died ten year ago, or more."

The look of terror left George's face by degrees. It was evident that he had had a fearful shock.

"How long ago did she die, did you say?"

"She died when Reuben was about ten years old. Jim Burton, the Chelsea blacksmith, asked me to come over to her funeral, as having known her once. And I went. Reuben was the *second* child, Master George. There was one that died."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Positive and certain sure. I took care to be. I see its little coffin carried to the grave. And the poor thing,

she told me herself that it was the eldest."

"He wrote and told me," said George, "when he was transported, that she was dead, and—. There, we have talked enough about that. Do you know that he and I have quarrelled?"

It was Morton's turn to look astonished now. "You and who?" he said, with a blank stare.

"I and Samuel Burton have quarrelled."

"Do you mean to tell me he is not dead yet?"

"Curse him, no. He has far more life left in him than you have, my faithful old friend. He came to my office in Palmerston the other day, and I quarrelled with him."

"That was unwise."

"It was; but, at all events, he is safe for the present. He is at Perth, in Western Australia, 14,000 miles away."

"I am glad of that," said old Morton. "I suppose he *daren't* come home, eh?"

"Oh, dear, no," said George. "He *daren't* come to England. He would get life for it. Come, let us begin."

They began shooting. Morton, with the licence of a keeper, combined with that of a confidential friend, said, "Mind the dogs, sir. In your present state of nerve, mind the dogs."

But George shot beautifully. The old trick had come back to him again after a few months' practice; and his hand and eye were as true as ever. He shot recklessly, but wonderfully well, appearing all the time to be so utterly absent and distraught, that old Morton kept on saying, "Mind the dogs, sir; for Gawd's sake, mind the dogs. It's old Beauty, the Governor's pet; and if anything happens to that there spaniel—Lord a mercy, look at that. I say, Master George, hold hard, sir. You ain't in the humour to shoot rabbits before Clumber spannels worth twenty guineas a-piece. Hold hard, sir. Now, do hold hard."

"I'm shooting better than ever I shot in my life," said George.

"Too beautiful by half. But leave

off a minute. That last shot was too risky; it were indeed."

"All right," said George, going on with his loading. "Have you seen this girl Emma that Erne *raffoles* about?"

"Yes, sir. She is daughter of Jim Burton, the Chelsea blacksmith.—Here, Beauty; here, Frolic.—There, put down your gun a bit, Master George. There."

"Is her name Burton, too?" said George. "Why, the air seems darkened with Burtons. I thought somehow that she was cousin to Joseph, the secretary. Or did I dream it?"

"Why, *his* name is Burton, too, and she is his own favourite sister," said the old man. "He is Reuben's cousin. But you musn't say the name of Burton in that house. It's a word musn't be said at Stanlake."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, and nobody don't know; and very probably, with an obstinate man like the Governor, there ain't very much to know. We were children together, and I know him better than any man alive, and may-be like him better than any man alive, except one. But I tell you that, in the matter of obstinacy, Balaam's ass is a black and tan terrier to him. For instance, I don't know to this day whether or no he knows that Reuben is Sam, the steward-room boy's son. Mr. Compton don't know either. Mr. Compton says he has never forgiven Sam. We soon found out that we were to call Reuben by his Christian name. And he makes Joe Burton call hisself Joseph."

"But this Emma;" asked George, "is there any chance of Erne's putting his foot in it with her?"

"He swears he will marry her," said Morton. "The governor did the same thing himself, and so, may-be, won't find much fault."

"Do you know anything about the girl? What is she like?"

"She is a fine-made, handsome girl. But she is better than that. I want to tell you a story about her. I have known her father, Jim Burton, Lord love you, Master George, why as long as I've known Mr. Compton; and they

was two boys together, was Mr. Compton and him. You ain't got a cigar to give away, sir?

"I have known James Burton, sir," continued the old man, "ever since I was a boy, and I have always kept up an occasional acquaintance with him: and one day, just before you came home, I was over there, and he said to me, laughing, 'What a game it is to hear they young folks a-talking, good Lord!' I asked him what he meant, and he said, 'Why, my girl Emma has been pitching it into Master Erne like one o'clock. Such airs with it, too—pointing her finger at him, and raising her voice quite loud, calling him by his Christian name, and he answering of her as *fiere*—' And I asked what he and the girl fell out about, and he said that Master Erne had been going on against you—that you wern't no good; and that she'd up, and given it to him to his face."

"She must be rather a noble person; I'll remember *him* for this," said George. "Come, Morton, let us go home."

So he walked rapidly homeward in deep thought, and Morton guessed what he was thinking about—Reuben. Reuben, George saw, was his own son. There was a slight confusion about the date of his birth, and the poor woman had lied to Morton; but there was no doubt about his features. That square honest face could belong to no son of the thin-faced, hook-nosed Burton. No, there was the real Hillyar face there. That unset mouth was not Hillyar either, certainly, but he knew where *that* came from. Yes; now he knew what it was that attracted him so strangely to Reuben from the first. Reuben had looked on him with the gentle eyes of his dead mother.

The old keeper once, and once only, ventured to look into his face. He hardly knew him, he was so changed since they had gone that road two hours before. His face was raised, and his eyes seemed set on something afar off. His mouth was fixed as though he had a purpose before him, and his whole expression was softened and intensely mournful. The old man had seen him

look so when he was a boy; but that was very, very long ago.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GERTY'S HYBERNATION TERMINATES.

THE sun was so warm on the south side of the house, that Gerty had come out on the terrace, and was drinking in the floods of warmth and light into her being. The first thing she had done, her very first instinct after a few minutes of what was dreadfully like sun-worship, was to dash at the flowers with a childish cry of delight—anemones, ranunculuses, tulips, narcissuses, all new to her. George found her with her hands full of them, and held out his arms. She gave a laugh of joy and sprang into them, covering his head with her flowers.

Her George had come back to her arms with the warm weather. The ugly cold winter had passed. It was that which had made George cross to her; every one was splenetic during an English winter. The French laughed at us about it. If they could only get back to the land of sunshine and flowers, he would never be unkind to her. If she and he and baby could only get back again to the dear old majestic forests, among the orchises and lobelias and Grevilleas, with the delicious aromatic scent of the bush to fill their nostrils, they would be happy for evermore. How faint and sickly these narcissuses smelt after all, beautiful as they were. One little purple vanilla flower was worth them all. Bah! these flowers smelt like hair oil, after the dear little yellow oxalis of the plains. She covered his face with kisses, and said only—

"Take me back, dear—take me back to the old forest again. We shall never be happy here, dear. The flowers all smell like pomatum; there is no real warmth in the sun. And it is all so close and confined: there is no room to ride; I should like to ride again now, but there is no place to ride in. Take me back. We were happier even at Palmerston than here. But I want to go back to the bush, and feel the sun in my

bones. *This* sun will never get into your bones. Take me back to the Gap, dear."

"And leave my father here?" said George, laughing. "For shame."

"Why shouldn't he come too?" said Gerty.

"You had better propose it to him," said George, kissing her again.

"I will this very night," said the silly little woman. And, what is more, she did. And, what is still more than that, Sir George, after sitting silent a few minutes, said, "I'll be hanged if I don't." And after Gerty had twittered on for ten minutes more in praise of the country of the Eucalypti, he looked up and said to the ambient air, "Why the deuce *shouldn't* I have a spree?" And when she had gone on another quarter of an hour on the same subject, he looked up again, and then and there wished he might be wicked-warded if he didn't. I believe he would have run over, if circumstances which have made the history of these two families worth writing had never occurred. But—to save the reader any unnecessary anxiety he—never did.

Poor little Gerty! How she revelled in this newly-restored love of her husband's. How she got drunk upon it. How the deep well-springs of her love overflowed, and not only drowned George and the baby, but floated every object it came near: horses, butlers, dogs, tulips, ladies'-maids, ranunculuses, and grooms. It was well she was a fool. She was so glad to see George take such notice of the young waterman. What a kind heart he had! Poor little thing; who would have dared to tell her the truth about him and Reuben? If she could have been made to understand it, which I doubt, I think it would have gone far to kill her.

Sir George Hillyar marked George's increased attention to Reuben with evident satisfaction. One day, overtaking George in the shrubbery, he took George's arm with a greater show of affection than he had ever done before, and walked up and down, talking very kindly to him. They spoke about no family matters, but it was easy to see that George was

gaining in his father's favour. As they were talking earnestly together thus, Mr. Compton and Erne came round the corner on them. Mr. Compton was very much surprised, but noticed that the arm which Sir George took from his elder son's, to shake hands with his old friend, was transferred to Erne, and that George was left to walk alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

J. BURTON'S STORY: THE GHOST SHOWS A LIGHT FOR THE SECOND TIME.

It was about three days after our men had struck and left us, that something took place which altered the whole course of our lives in the most singular manner.

It was a dark and very wet night. The King's Road, as I turned out of it into Church Street, at about half-past eleven, was very nearly deserted; and Church Street itself was as silent as the grave.

I had reached as far as the end of the Rectory wall, when, from the narrow passage at the end of the Lime trees, there suddenly came upon me a policeman, our own night-policeman, a man I knew as well as my own fellow-apprentice. At this I, being in a humorous mood, made a feint of being overcome with fear, and staggered back, leaning against the wall for support.

"Stow larks, Jimmy," said the constable, in a low, eager voice. "Something's going wrong at home. I have orders to stop you, and take you to the inspector."

"So it had come, then," I thought to myself with a sickening feeling at my heart. I couldn't find words to say anything for a moment.

"I had no orders to take you into custody, Jimmy," the constable whispered; "only to tell you to come to the inspector. There's nothing again your hooking on it, if you're so minded."

I answered, returning as I did—and, heaven help me! sometimes do still—on occasions of emergency—to my vernacular, "I ain't got no call for hooking on it, old chap. Come on." ("Cub awd," is

more like the way I said it than anything else.)

And so we came on: my old friend the constable continuing to force home the moral that I weren't in custody, and that there weren't nothink again hooking on it, until, at the corner of the place I have chosen, for fear of an action for libel, to call Brown's Row, we came against the man whom, also for fear of an action for libel, I call Detective Joyce.

He was alone, under the lamp of the Black Lion. When he saw us, he took us over to the other side of the street, and said, quite in a low voice, "Is this the young man Burton!"

I, with that self-assertion, with that instinct of anticipating adverse criticism—that strange, half cowardly feeling, that there is some unknown advantage in having an innings before the other eleven get in—which is a characteristic of the true Londoner—replied that it was, and that any cove who said that I had been up to anything, was a speaker of falsehoods.

"Well, we all guess that," said the inspector. "What we want to find out is; how much do you know about your precious flash cousin Reuben's goings on? I don't suppose you'll tell us till you are under cross-examination, as you will be pretty soon. You're in custody, lad. And *silence*, mind. There; I've seen a deal that's bad, and that's wrong, but I never saw anything that shook my faith in folks like this. Why, if any man had told me, six weeks ago, that old Jim Burton, the blacksmith, would have harboured Bardolph's gang and Sydney Sam, I'd have knocked him down, I think."

"He never knew nothing of it, sir," I said eagerly. "Me and Joe——"

At this point my old friend, the night-policeman, garroted me with singular dexterity. As he held his hand over my mouth, and I struggled, he said to the detective inspector,

"Come, sir. Fair play is a jewel. Jimmy—I should say, the boy—is in custody. Take and caution him, sir. I ask you in fairness, take and caution on him."

The inspector laughed. "Everything

you say will be put in evidence against you. I mean, you d—d young fool, hold your tongue."

This took place against the railings of a milk shop, on the left-hand side as you go down towards the river, opposite a short street which leads into Paulton Square (which, at the time I speak of, was "Shepherd's Nursery," or, to old Chelsea folk, "Dove-house Close"). This narrow street, which is now widened, was in my time Brown's Row, a mere court of six-roomed houses, from among which rose majestically the vast old palace which was in the occupation of my father.

As I stood there, with the horror and disgrace on me of being in custody for the first time in my life, with the terror of I know not what upon me; I could make out, in spite of the darkness and the rain, the vast dark mass of our house towering into the sky to the west. I could make out the tall, overhanging, high-pitched roof, and the great dormer-window, which projected from it, towards us, to the east; the windows of the Ghost's room—of Reuben's room—of the room where I had stood helpless, waiting for my death. I knew that the present complication was connected with that room: and with a sick heart I watched the window of it. I was right.

How long did we stand in the rain—the inspector, constable, and I? A hundred years, say. Yet I looked more at that window than anywhere else; and at last I saw it illuminated—dimly at first, then more brightly; then the light moved: and in a moment the window was dark again. And, while I saw all this, with throbbing eyes, the inspector's hand closed on my arm with such a grip as made me glad I was a blacksmith, and he whispered in my ear—

"You young rascal! You see that light? Take me to the room where that light is, or you'd better never have been born! And tell me this, you young scoundrel: Are there two staircases, or only one?"

Now that I saw clearly and entirely, for the first time, what was the matter, I wished to gain a moment or two for

thought. And with that end, I (as we used to say in those times) "cheeked" the detective.

"Tell you! Not if I know it! And everything to be took down in evidence! Find out for yourself. I'm in custody, am I? Then take me to the station and lock me up. I ain't going to be kept out in the rain here any longer. Who the deuce are you, cross-questioning and Paul-Pry-ing? What's your charge against me?"

"You'll know that soon enough, you young fool," said the inspector.

"But I'll hear it now. I want to be took to Milman's Row and the charge made; that's what I want. And I'll have it done, too, and not be kep' busnacking here in the rain. I'll make work for fifty of you in two minutes, if you don't do one thing or the other."

And, so saying, I put my two forefingers in my mouth. What I meant to do, or what I pretended I meant to do, is no business of any one now; all that concerns us now is that I never did it and never meant to. I have mentioned before that Alsatia was only just round the corner.

Our policeman caught my hands, and said, pathetically, "Jimmy, Jimmy, you wouldn't do such a thing as that!" And the inspector said, "You young devil, I'll remember you!"

"Am I in custody, sir?" I asked.

"No, you ain't," said the inspector. "You may go to the devil if you like."

"Thank you," I said. "Common sense and courtesy are not bad things in their way, don't you think? I shall (now I have bullied you into time for thinking) be delighted to inform you that there is only *one* staircase; that I shall be glad to guide you to that room; that I sincerely hope you may be successful; and that I only hope you will do the thing as quietly as possible."

My thoughts were these. Reuben, thank heaven, was safely away: and really, when I came to think of the annoyance and disgrace that Mr. Samuel Burton had caused us, I looked forward to his capture and re-transportation with

considerable indifference—not to say complacency. Consequently I went willingly with them.

As we came to our door we came upon four other constables, and one by one we passed silently into the old hall. As I passed our sitting-room door, I could see that my mother and Emma were sitting up and waiting for me, and immediately went on, considering what effect the disturbance, so soon to begin, would have on them. And then, going as silently as was possible up the broad staircase, we stood all together in the dark, outside Reuben's room. What should we find there?

At first, it appeared, nothing; for the door being opened, the room seemed empty. But in another moment that magnificent ruffian I have called Bill Sykes, had sprung into sight from somewhere, and cast himself headlong at the constables, who were blocking up the door. For one instant I thought he would have got through and escaped; but only for one. I saw him locked in the deadly grip of a young Irish constable, by name Murphy, and then I saw them hurling one another about the room for a few seconds till they fell together, crashing over a table. They were down and up, and down again, so very quickly, that no one had time to interfere. Sykes had his life-preserver hanging at his wrist, but could not get it shifted into his hand to use it, and the constable had dropped his staff, so that the two men were struggling with no more assistance than Nature had given them. Before or since I have never seen a contest so terrible as between this Englishman and this Irishman.

And after the first few seconds no one saw it but me. The sound of the table falling was the signal for a rush of four men from the inner room, who had, to use a vulgar expression, "funked," following the valiant scoundrel Sykes, but who now tried to make their escape, and found themselves hand to hand with the policemen. So that Sykes and the noble young Irishman had it all to themselves for I should think nearly a minute.

For in their deadly grip, these two did so whirl, and tumble down, and roll over, and get up, and fall again, that I could not, for full that time, do what I wanted. It was clearly a breach of the Queen's peace, and I had a right to interfere, on those grounds even; and, moreover, this dog Sykes, in this very room, had coolly proposed the murder of my own humble self. It was for these reasons that I wished, if possible, to assist this young Irishman; but I could get no opportunity for what seemed to me a long while. At last they were both on their feet again, locked together, and I saw that the Irishman's right hand was clear, and heard it come crashing in with a sickening rattle among Sykes's teeth. Then I got my arm round Sykes's neck, and in spite of his furious efforts managed to hold him fast, all the while that Murphy—bah!—it is too terrible—until, while I was crying out shame, and threatening to let him go, the burglar and I fell together to the ground, and Murphy came down on Sykes heavily, breaking three of his ribs. Yet, in spite of his terrible injuries, in spite of his broken jaw, and such internal injuries as prevented his being tried with the rest, this dog, whom I would not save from hanging to-morrow, never, in spite of his agony, gave one whine of pain from first to last. When we thought we had secured him, and a constable was preparing his handcuffs, he raised his horribly battered face, and burst out again, striking Murphy a blow behind the ear, which made the poor fellow totter and reel, and come headlong down with his nose bleeding, snoring heavily, quite insensible. It took the whole force of us even then to secure this man, though he was so desperately injured.

But at last there came a time when Sykes lay on his stomach on the floor, conquered and silent, but unyielding; when Murphy, the young Irish constable, had left off snoring so loud, and had made three or four feeble efforts to spit; when Bardolph and Pistol, with three other scoundrels—for whom I have not time to find imaginary names, and whose real names, after a long series of con-

victions and aliases, were unknown to the police, and possibly forgotten by themselves (for there are limits to the human memory)—were walked off ironed down the stairs; when the constables had lit candles and the room was light; when there was no one left in it after the struggle, but the inspector, and Sykes, with the one man who watched him, and Murphy, with the one man who raised his head and wiped his mouth, and myself, who cast furtive glances at the door of the inner room, and my father, who stood in the door-way in his shirt and trousers, pale and fierce, and who said:

"This is some more of Samuel Burton's work. This has come from harbouring his boy—his bastard boy—that I treated like one of my own. I knew that I was utterly ruined three days ago. But I thought I might have been left to die without disgrace. May God's curse light on Samuel Burton night and day till his death! Have you got him?"

"We haven't got him, Burton," said the inspector. "But I am afraid that, in spite of your rather clever denunciation of the man you have shielded so long under the wing of your respectability, we must have you. You are in custody, please."

This was the last and worst blow for my father. He spoke nothing for an instant, and then said hoarsely, pointing to me, "Are you going to take him?"

The inspector said no; that he did not want me, but told me to be very cautious, and mind what I was about, which I fully intended to do without his caution. In fact, I was doing so now.

Where was my cousin Samuel? When would the inspector notice the door into the other room? And would my father ask me to get his coat? I was very anxious about this last matter. Either I must have gone for it, or have excited the inspector's suspicions; and I wanted to stay where I was.

In a few moments he saw the door. My father and I followed him towards it, intending to give him our assistance should there be any one there. He

flung open the door, and, to my surprise, the room was empty. The bed, the old box, the lumber, were all gone. And, moreover, the hole that I had made in the floor three years before was there no longer. I saw at once that the scoundrels had by means of that hole discovered the vast depth between the floor and the ceiling below, and had utilized it. They had cunningly used old wood too, in their work; and so, walking over the place where the hole had been, I felt no less than four boards loose under my feet; and then I came to the conclusion that no less a person than Samuel Burton was stowed away below.

I ought to have given him up. And I should like to have given him up; but when it came to the push I would not. My heart failed me. I stood there until the inspector turned to go; and the secret of the loose boards was left undiscovered.

If I had known that no one was under there, except poor trembling Nym, I might have given him up, perhaps. But Samuel Burton was not there at all. Samuel Burton had found that William Sykes was rather too clumsy and incautious a gentleman to have anything to do with, and had, in his usual manner, pitched the whole gang overboard. That is to say that, seeing Reuben safe out of the way, he had dropped a line to Scotland Yard, which resulted as we have seen. Samuel himself was somewhere else, at far different work.

I was furiously indignant at my father's being arrested. Looking at it from my point of view, it seemed to me to be a perfectly unnecessary insult. I suppose it could not be helped. One thing was certain, however, that it would be the last ounce on the camel's back to him, and that in future my father would never raise his head again in England.

Two things remained to be done—the one, to fetch my father's coat and waistcoat from his bedroom, which was not difficult; and the other, to break the fact of his arrest to my mother, which was easy enough, but not a pleasant task

by any means—at all events in anticipation.

But, when I knocked at their bedroom, I found her up and dressed, with his things ready; and not only her, but Emma. And my mother only said cheerily, "Dear, dear. What a shame. Going and taking of father. There, Jim, my dear, take him his coat and waistcoat; and here's the old horse-rug. And we'd best sit up to go for Mr. Child and Mr. Chancellor in the morning to bail him. There, cut away, old man. They ain't took you, I know; for I listened to 'em. On the stairs I did. God bless us, father will be in a taking. We must have him home by breakfast, or they sausages will spile. Cut away, or he'll catch his death."

And so she chattered on, and packed me out of the room. But when I was gone, Emma tells me, she broke out into wild hysterical wrath, and denounced fiercely and wildly—denounced Bill Joyce (as she irreverently called the inspector), and said that marrying eaves-droppers and earwigs might be some folks' line, but that it was not hers, and never had been. She said how true her instinct was, to have refused to say anything to the man twenty years before; though she thought that even an earwig might have forgotten in that time, and not disgraced her husband like that; and so she went on until she got quieter. And at last she said, as she herself tells me, and not Emma,

"May God forgive me, as I forgive them all. May God forgive Samuel Burton, whom I met on the stairs last week, and fainted away stone dead on account on. He has been an unlucky man to us. It's on his account that I hate the name of Hillyar. It was through his going to them, child, that all our troubles came about. He was not so bad till he got corrupted by that devil George Hillyar. I hate the name. I am glad of one thing in this break-up, my Emma; and that is this—we shall see no more of this Master Erne. You are a child, and don't know. But I tell you, that the time is come for you to part with him. Better too soon than

too late. Red eyes are better than a broken heart."

My mother tells me that, as she said this, she looked at Emma, and saw—why, many things; among others, that it *was* too late. Emma was sitting opposite her, deadly pale, with a worn, wearied look on her face, but perfectly quiet and self-possessed. She said,

"What you say is very true, dear. He and I must part for ever. Perhaps, mother, if this had not happened, I might have begged to have a little, only a very little more of him; for—. But now, I thank God, that has become impossible. This business will separate us for ever; and it is best so. I might have fallen in love with him, for aught we know, and what a sad business that would have been; would it not? May I see him only once—just to wish him good-bye? Only once, mother? Oh, mother! mother! only once."

"No," said my mother, promptly, "that is all fiddlededee, and stuff, and nonsense. It's all over and done, and dead and buried, and I won't have it took and dug up again. Take and go along with you, I tell you."

And so my mother scolded her, and then went to her solitary bed—solitary the first time for twenty years—and lay down and wept wildly. "I am a wicked, stupid, useless woman, oh, Lord," she said. "But, Lord! I did not see it. And it is to be visited on her head. The fathers upon the children; my folly on her. But Lord! it will break her heart—my own Emma's heart. I seen it to-night, and I know it. Oh, Lord! wicked woman that I am, let the judgment fall on me, Lord! Let me suffer, but take her to Thy bosom and comfort her."

* * *

We shall see how my mother's prayer was answered.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIR GEORGE'S ESCRITOIRE.

POOR Reuben Burton, whose only crime had been faithfulness to the scoundrel he called father, received a message that

some one wished to speak to him at a certain public-house, and was then and there quietly arrested and taken to London; so that during the events which followed he was in prison, be it remembered. That he was *very* wrong in receiving his father into the Burtons' house at Chelsea we cannot say. But a little more resolution would have saved the Burtons an infinity of trouble.

The Hillyars wondered where he was. Erne had the impudence to propose cutting the dam to search for his body; and Sir George said, loftily, that it was, in his opinion, rather contemptible taste in Erne, to refer, to allude, however faintly, to an idiotic and highly expensive escapade, which ought to be consigned to oblivion. Erne proposed to send for Joseph, the secretary, to take his father's words down; and so they had one of their numerous pleasant squabbles—the one among them all which Erne remembered best—while Gerty sat and laughed at them.

She had taken the baby, and a pile of flowers, and had sat herself down under the south wall, opposite the sun-dial, just outside the drawing-room window, in a blazing heat, fit to roast a peacock; and there she was now, with the baby and the flowers, doing something or another with them, though whether she was nursing the flowers, or tying up the baby, it was hard to say. There she was, as happy as ever a little mother was, baking herself, and cooing in her infinite contentment.

Her suggestion about Reuben Burton, which she made in perfect faith, was that he had gone into the township, and got on the burst. This brought the heartiest roar of laughter from George that we have ever heard him indulge in. Gerty was very much delighted. She determined that she had said something very good, and must try it again.

The old butler never went to bed before Sir George, but always sat up in one of the easy chairs, in the third or smallest drawing room, with the door open. For exactly opposite this door was the door of Sir George's study, and so, if Sir George went to sleep in his

chair, as he very often did, the butler could, after a reasonable time, go in and wake him up, and take him to bed, generally in a very stupid state.

But very often the butler would go to sleep, and his candle would go out, and he would wake in the dark, wondering where he was, and would go in to rouse Sir George, and would find that Sir George had gone to bed hours ago, and that the sparrows outside, after a sleepy night's debate of it (that honourable member the nightingale having been on his legs for nearly four hours, and having concluded his answer to the Opposition about daybreak), had woke up and divided, and had all got into the wrong lobbies, and were pitching into the tellers : in other words, that it was broad daylight. And this very night he went to sleep in this way, and let his candle burn down.

Sir George that evening had complained of its being cold, which it most certainly was not, and had ordered the fire to be lit in his study. The butler in the little drawing-room, snoozing in the chair, did not feel cold. But Sir George sat close before the blaze, musing, and looking into the coals, thinking intensely.

It may have been this, to some extent, which caused certain things to happen this very evening, of which you will hear immediately. We cannot say. We cannot see the inside of a man's head, unless we open it. But I don't think it was a good thing for Sir George, with his apoplectic habit, to sit close before a hot fire, thinking intensely.

While we are writing we have looked into the fire, and all that we have seen there was Glen Roy and Glen Spean, filled with gleaming ice, and the little double summit of Mealderry, like an island in the midst of it : in fact, Lyell has been answerable for our coal formations ; in the which thing, there is a certain sort of fitness. To-morrow it will be some one else who is answerable for the vagaries. To-morrow in the fire, one may see Messieurs Assolant and Renan receiving, at the International Exhibition of 1873, at Chicago or Charleston, as the case may be, the Aluminium medal for having achieved,

and entirely and utterly mastered, the subjects of the English nation and the Christian religion. Or, possibly even, M. Thiers in the act of being presented with a new pair of brass spectacles by the Emperor, for his accounts of the battle of Waterloo, and other battles ; which, doubtless, as specimens of military history, stood alone until Cousin Tom and Cousin Jerry fell out in America.

The fact is that, if you are a real fire-worshipper, you can't control the fantastic images which present themselves to your retina, when you have your brain rather full of blood, and are comfortably looking into a good coal fire. As in the beautiful old optical experiment of the glass globe in the dark (which some wiseacres, one of whom, at least, ought to have known better, have invested with supernatural properties, and called the Magic Crystal), you *see* what you are thinking about, as you do in dreaming, though in an inferior degree.

Sir George Hillyar sat and looked into the fire. From the first moment he looked there he saw four figures. They had been with him nearly all day, and now they stared at him out of the coal chasms. They were the figures of his two wives, with their two sons ; and, as he looked at them, he thought deeply and intensely over the results of his life.

How well he remembered his first courtship. What a noble, square-faced, bold-eyed young fellow he was, when he first met Kate Bertram at the Lymington ball. How well he could remember her that first night. How beautiful she was ; and he the madman, seeing, as he did, the wild devil in her eyes, admired it, and was attracted by it. "She has a spice of the devil in her," he had said to a friend. She had indeed.

And then by degrees he had found out the truth. At first he had laughed at the horrid idea ; then he had grown moody over it ; then he had entertained it sometimes, and at last he had taken it to his bosom and nursed it. She had never loved him. She had always loved that rattling, merry sailor, Lieutenant Somes. Then he was slowly

growing to hate her ; until, at last, she justified his hatred by dishonouring him.

And then her son. Had he been just to George ? Had George's wickedness justified all the neglect he had received ? Did he, the father, never feel something like satisfaction at the boy's career, as furnishing him with an excuse for the dislike he had always felt for him ? And how much of that reckless despair had been caused by this very same neglect ? These were terrible questions. A few months ago he would have answered them by an overwhelming flood of self-justification ; but death was drawing nearer, and after death the judgment. He left them unanswered.

Was he doing right in disinheriting George ? Was he not cutting off George's last hope of reform by impoverishing him in this way ? He went to the escritoire, let down the desk of it, and, sitting down before it, took out his will and began reading it.

Eight thousand a-year to Erne, and George left nearly a beggar, with the title and establishment to keep up. It was not just. He said aloud, " I fear I am *not* doing justice to George. But my Erne—" He laid down the will again, and went once more and sat before the fire.

Then the old man lived some more of his life over again. His brain was very active, and his memory most wonderfully good to-night. He felt again the indignation, the shame, and the horror, which had torn him, as it were, to pieces, when he discovered that his wife had fled. The dislike which he had allowed to grow up in his mind towards her had been no preparation for *that*. Could he ever have dreamt that she would have *dared* ? Could he ever have supposed that his calm, gentlemanly obstinacy would have driven her to commit such a nameless horrible crime (for so it was to him) as to leave the husband she hated for the man she loved ? The agony of recollecting the shame of that dreadful time brought the blood humming into his ears ; but it went back again, and throbbled itself into stillness once more.

No. 56.—VOL. X.

For, passing through, in his fancy, in his memory, lightly enough, and yet correctly, the period which followed on this, the great horrible shame of his life ; he went through a time of dull despair ; then a longer one of godless cynicism ; and then a longer one yet, of dull acquiescence in things as they were : the time when he believed that God had got tired of him, and had put him aside to be dealt with only after death. And, when his imagination had taken him through these sad, sad old times, and he had felt ; let us hope in a less degree, all his old agonies once more, then the old gentleman's face began to brighten, and his stern set mouth to relax into a happy smile.

For, wandering on through the wood of his life—a wood, as he humbly acknowledged, full of strange paths (of which paths he had generally taken the wrong one), tangled with brambles, which he had never broken through—going on, I say, through this wood of his life, which he now began to see was not an honest English copse, but a labyrinth, in which he had never turned the right way, and which he was now going through all, again—he came to this :

He began to remember the dear old scent—far dearer to him, and some others, than the whiff one gets opposite Piesse or Rimmel's shop—of his newly loaded gun. Then he thought of fresh trodden turnips in September. Then a pheasant whirled above his head ; and then he was breast-high among the golden fern under the browning hazels : and then, rustling ankle-deep in the fallen leaves, came Mary Hawkins, the gamekeeper's daughter, the beautiful and the good, and her arm was round his neck and her breath was on his cheek, and she said to him, " It is not too late, yet, George. God has sent me to save you, my love."

And when she had done her work God took her ; and left in her place Erne, to keep him from despair. Erne, the delight of his life, the gentle, handsome lad, who had wound himself so round his heart. He could not take

this money from Erne. It might be unjust, but it was so pleasant to think of Erne's having it.

Yet death was near, and might come at any time. And afterwards—some justice must be done to George. Half, say. There was the will, and there was the fire—and Erne—and George—

* * *

The butler was awakened by a light, a sudden light, on his face, and a sound which seemed to him to be one of those terrible, inexplicable, horrible noises, which never occur in life, but which are sometimes heard towards the end of a very bad dream—of one of those dreams from which the sleeper awakes himself by an effort, simply from terror of going on with it any further. Sir George was standing in the corridor before him, with a candle held close to his face, and a drawn sword in his hand, looking down the passage. The poor old gentleman's face was horribly distorted, and red; and, before the old butler had time to stagger to his feet, the noise which had awakened him came again. It was Sir George Hillyar's voice, for the butler saw him open his mouth; but the tone of it was more nearly like the ghastly screech of an epileptic than anything the old man had ever heard. He saw Sir George stand for an instant, pointing down the corridor with his sword, and crying out, "Reuben! Reuben! Help! Help! Come at once, and I will do justice to all. Reuben! Reuben!" And then he saw the poor old gentleman go staggering down the passage, with his drawn sword in his hand; and he followed him, very truly sorry for his kind old master, but reflecting, nevertheless, that all folks, high or low, must go off somehow, and hoping, even in the few minutes following, that his summons might come in a more peaceful manner. He saw clearly that Sir George had got his first stroke, and that he would never be the man he was any more.

"I hope he ain't altered his will," said the sleepy butler, a red-hot Erneist, to himself, as he followed poor reeling

Sir George down the passage. "Poor dear old master. I wonder if he really is ill or no. May-be there ain't much the matter with him. I wish I dared collar him. Where is he going?"

Sir George, meanwhile, with his sword in his right hand, feeling the wall with his left, which held the candlestick, staggering fearfully from time to time, had passed from passage to passage, until he had come to the kitchen. Once or twice at first he had cried out, in that terrible tone we have noticed before, for Reuben, but latterly had been silent.

The terrified butler saw him enter the kitchen. The next instant there was a heavy fall, and, following his master in, he found darkness and silence. He cried out for help, but none came for a few moments; only a cat in the butler's pantry hard by knocked down some glasses, and tried to break out of the window in her terror. The silence was terrible. He shouted again, and this time roused the household. When lights were brought they found Sir George lying on his face quite dead, with his sword and his candle thrown far from him in his fall.

When they had carried him up, the first thing the butler did was to send for old Morton, the keeper, who came at once.

"Dead!" he said; "he ain't dead, I tell you. Here, Sir George, sir, rouse up. I've seen him this way twenty times." He quite refused to believe it. He kept on at intervals speaking to the dead man. Sometimes he would give him his title; at others he would merely call him George. At one time he would be angry with him; at another he would almost whisper to him, and remind him of his dogs and his guns, and scenes which the closed eyes should never look on any more; but at last he did nothing but sit and moan wearily. No one dared interfere, until the new Sir George Hillyar came, and quietly and kindly led him away.

To be continued.

THE KALIF OF BALDACCA.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Into the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alaù.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed :
He saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu,
Rode the great captain Alaù ;
And he stood before the Khan, and said,—
“The enemies of my lord are dead ;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey his least behest ;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers are plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

“Only Baldacca's Kalif alone
Rose in rebellion against thy throne :
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore ;
His body is dust o'er the Desert blown.

“A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of the gongs from within ;
With clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide ; we turned and fled,
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mahomed :
Thus we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that was called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And there the old miser crept by stealth
To feed of the gold that gave him health,
To gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif,—'Thou art old;
Thou hast no need of so much gold;
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honour sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into this dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands;
His teeth were like bones in the Desert sands;
Still clutching his treasures he had died;
And, as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alah
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

THE LAST DAYS OF SIMON DE MONTFORT: A FRAGMENT.

BY THE REV. F. J. A. HORT.

[The six months, the events of which are described in the following pages, brought to an end one of the great crises of English history. They virtually decided the close of the Barons' war, and the apparent failure of its purpose. In the preceding year King Henry III. and his son Prince Edward had been completely defeated and made prisoners at Lewes. In the preceding month representatives of boroughs had for the first time sat in Parliament beside the knights of the shires, and so the career of the English House of Commons had begun. But the inherent weakness and instability of Simon de Montfort's position had meanwhile begun to shew itself in the midst of his outward triumph. Discordances of interest and feeling, suppressed or forgotten in the stress of warfare, regained their force when the work to be done was government. The strong measures required for the maintenance of authority at a moment of singularly complicated disorder were inevitably unpopular and easily misrepresented. The real incongruity of administering the kingdom for any length of time in the King's name against the King's wishes became every day more manifest. Lastly, the sorely tried loyalty of the nation for the person of its sovereign, which had preserved to him an almost forfeited throne in his childhood, became once more an active power, now that he was vanquished and helpless. The jealousy of Gilbert de Clare Earl of Gloucester, De Montfort's leading coadjutor and rival, struck the first and most deadly blow. The narrative will shew the successive steps by which difficulty became disaster, and disaster ended in ruin.]

The story has been constructed directly and exclusively from the original sources. No manuscript authority has however been used. A few unimportant but striking incidents, which seemed to have an air of probability, have been cautiously taken from such comparatively late and romantic chroniclers as Hemingburg, who doubtless heard them current in popular tradition: they will be found stated less positively than the rest of the text. With these exceptions, the evidence, fragmentary and conflicting though it sometimes be in details, is that of contemporaries and occasionally of eye-witnesses.]

As the spring of 1265 advanced, the breach between the Earls of Leicester¹ and Gloucester became constantly wider. It would appear that matters were made worse by the thoughtlessness of De Montfort's sons. Being mere soldiers, blind to the necessities of statesmanship, they took advantage of their position to indulge a haughty and pugnacious spirit without regard to consequences, and thus unawares thwarted their father's policy at a most critical season. With incredible folly they treated their powerful rival with especial disdain. A tournament was announced to be held at Dunstaple on Feb. 17, at which the Earl of Gloucester was to contend with Henry de Montfort. Whether the proclamation was actually issued by the

Earl or by the young De Montforts, is not clear, but undoubtedly the affair arose from provocations on their part. As the day drew near, it became known that Gloucester was collecting a body of men disaffected to the barons, to accompany him at Dunstaple. Under such circumstances there was great danger of smouldering passions bursting into a flame, even if actual treachery were not already designed. The king was therefore wisely induced to write a letter to the Prior of Dunstaple, peremptorily forbidding the tournament. Gloucester however threatened to hold it in spite of the prohibition; so that De Montfort had to go down in person with Hugh le Despenser and a body of Londoners, and compel obedience by the display of a superior force.

Gloucester was greatly enraged at the disappointment, and De Montfort must have seen good reason to fear the consequences, for we soon find him taking vigorous measures of precaution. On

¹ Simon de Montfort's grandmother was the eldest sister and coheirress of Robert Fitzparnell, Earl of Leicester. The county of Leicester was conceded by Henry III. to belong to the De Montforts, and transferred to Simon by his elder brother Amalric, in a series of transactions during the years 1230-2.

March 19 he joined his Countess¹ at Odiham Castle, whither Prince Edward and Henry of Germany² had been brought from Wallingford two days before, in the honourable custody of their cousin Henry. He left Eleanor, whom he was destined never to see again, on April 1, probably taking with him the prince, who could no longer be safely trusted out of his own immediate neighbourhood. Five days later Gloucester was required to deliver up Bamborough Castle. De Montfort had not long to wait for a proof of the reasonableness of his suspicions. His sons had proclaimed a second tournament, to be held at Northampton on April 14. When the day came, Gloucester did not appear, and it was found that he had gone with his adherents to the west, where there was reason to fear he would join the Marchers. Simon at once broke up the tournament, and proclaimed the Marchers enemies to the state; and before long he set out in pursuit, keeping the king and prince with him.

It was near the end of April when they reached Gloucester, where they spent a fortnight. The Earl of Gloucester was at this moment in the Forest of Dean, at no great distance; and one last earnest attempt was made, chiefly by the bishops, to contrive a reconciliation before the breaking out of actual hostilities, messengers passing constantly to and fro between the city and the forest. Gloucester complained that certain specified articles of Oxford and Lewes had not been observed. Ultimately it was agreed on both sides to refer the decision of the dispute to four arbitrators — Bishop Walter, Hugh le Despenser, John Fitzjohn, and William de Munchensy. Unhappily, for some unknown reason, the negotiations were suddenly broken off, and the very next

day De Montfort and his force went away to Hereford. It is said that his spies discovered a plot of the Earl of Gloucester to seize him, and that he was only just in time to get safely into Hereford. The whole transaction is however obscure, and seems to have been unknown to most of the chroniclers. Perhaps this last rupture was owing to the important news which arrived about this time, that the fugitives from the battle of Lewes, the Earl of Warren and William de Valence, had returned from the Continent, and landed with 120 knights on the Pembrokeshire coast. Simon remained some while at Hereford; possibly, as one writer says, because the whole neighbouring country was occupied by Gloucester's army; but more probably because no spot was so central for watching the progress of the dangers arising in different quarters, and overawing waverers by the force of his own presence. About this time reception was given to two ambassadors from the King of France. The precise nature of their mission is not recorded, but it was obviously barren of results.

The history of these weeks, and indeed of the whole reactionary movement, would be clearer, if the part played by Prince Edward could be fully ascertained. Thus much is manifest, that he was trusted up to a certain point by Simon, and even employed by him to treat with some of the turbulent Marchers; and it is scarcely credible that the prudent and experienced Earl could have ventured on such a step, unless Edward had deceived him by a course of elaborate hypocrisy and by fictitious proofs of a desire to mediate between the contending parties. Unhappily this supposition agrees but too well with the popular estimate of his character at this period of his life.

At length the time came for him to throw off the mask. The Earl of Gloucester, says a friendly chronicler, had gathered his forces together from all sides, and retired into the safer parts of the country, to avoid such attacks as De Montfort might design to make upon him. "But his brother Thomas

¹ Eleanor, the youngest daughter of Henry III., and widow of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, was secretly married to Simon de Montfort, January 6, 1238, by the king's connivance, who hoped to secure a powerful adherent against the increasing discontent of his nobles and his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, at that time in opposition.

² Son of the Earl of Cornwall, who was at this time King of Germany.

"de Clare, an ingenuous youth, as the "familiar friend and chamberlain of the Lord Edward, stayed constantly "with him to comfort him:" "so that "(Simon) the Earl of Leicester, not "knowing the secret understanding between him and the Lord Edward, "loved him most sincerely, and praised "him highly for his fidelity." Through this Thomas de Clare, Edward was in constant communication with the Marchers, and doubtless also with the Earl of Gloucester. It was arranged that he should endeavour to make his escape; and for this purpose Roger Mortimer, one of the leading Marchers, whose castle of Wigmore lay some twenty-four miles to the north, is stated to have sent him a very powerful horse. On Thursday evening, May 28, he asked and obtained leave from Simon to try three spirited horses, which few would venture to mount, in the meadow outside the city. He took with him young De Clare and another knight and three squires, escorted by Robert de Ros and a body of guards. He rode first one horse and then another, at full speed, until they were thoroughly exhausted. By this time a man was seen on a neighbouring hill, seated on a white horse, and making a signal with his hat; upon which the Prince mounted the third charger, the same, in fact, that Roger Mortimer had sent him, paused at a short distance to bid his escort a polite farewell, then rode off with his six chosen attendants, swam the Wye, and made for the upper country. This stratagem had disabled the only horses which would have been likely to overtake so bold and practised a rider, while his own animal was quite fresh and in good order for a long journey. As soon however as the escort had recovered from their first surprise, they pushed boldly on in pursuit, till they saw the banners of Roger Mortimer and Roger Clifford emerging from the forest, when they knew that a further advance would be worse than useless, and rode back to Hereford. Meanwhile the Prince was warmly greeted by the Marchers, and conducted at once to Wigmore Castle.

This unexpected adventure led immediately to the most important results. Hitherto De Montfort's opponents consisted of three distinct bodies—the old Royalists, who had escaped from Lewes and landed in South Wales, headed by the Earl of Warren; the Marchers, now recovered from their defeat in the preceding autumn; and that section of the barons which took part with the Earl of Gloucester. These several bodies had by no means identical interests; and, though doubtless some sort of mutual understanding had existed between them, there is no clear evidence of united action before Edward's escape from Hereford. But the next day the Earl of Gloucester, who had lately been lingering about the neighbourhood of Bristol, met the Prince at Ludlow, the Earl of Warren being also present. Gloucester, to his credit be it said, was not prepared utterly to sacrifice to his miserable jealousy of De Montfort the cause for which a year before they had fought together. As a condition of his adherence, he required from the Prince an oath that, if their joint efforts should prove successful, he would cause the ancient laws of the realm to be observed, the bad customs which had lately grown up to be abolished, and all foreigners to be removed from the custody of fortresses, from the council-chamber, and from all part in the administration of affairs. Edward readily took the oath; whether sincerely, or meaning to keep it only in the letter, as was easy in his father's lifetime, or prepared to perjure himself openly after his father's example, we cannot tell. Gloucester agreed to assist him by force of arms, and thus a powerful league was formed, of which the one object was to destroy Simon de Montfort. Numerous adherents now flocked to the Prince's standard from the Marches, and indeed, it is said, from all parts of England, but above all from his own county of Chester, where his known prowess as a fearless soldier awoke especial enthusiasm.

The next week, the first week of June, was spent in active and decisive operations. De Montfort had manifestly

started on his expedition to the west with a small force, quite inadequate to resist the combination now formed against him. His real strength lay in the eastern counties and the city of London. The first purpose therefore of his enemies was to cut off his communications, so that he could neither himself escape from the Marches into England proper, nor receive fresh troops and supplies from the well affected districts. Accordingly they marched without delay to Worcester, "which the citizens gave up to the Lord "Edward without making any resistance," broke down the bridge over the Severn, drew all the boats to the eastern bank, and dug holes in the bed of the river, to make the neighbouring fords impassable. From Worcester troops were sent up to secure the two great northern bridges and towns of Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury; and the counties of Worcester, Shropshire, and Cheshire (except the city of Chester) submitted to them. South of Worcester there still remained Gloucester and its bridge, affording almost as convenient a passage to or from Hereford as Worcester itself. And at the end of the week Prince Edward set out to seize it in person. De Montfort was however equally conscious how much depended on the occupation of this post, and had already sent Robert de Ros, in command of three hundred knights, to garrison it; a poor force for such a service, but doubtless as much as could be spared from the Earl's little army. They made a bold stand against Edward's assaults, but on the third day were driven to abandon the city and take refuge in the castle. There they held out for three weeks more, suffering and inflicting severe loss, till want of provisions compelled them to surrender, on or about June 29. They obtained from the Prince favourable terms, being allowed to depart with their horses and arms, on taking an oath not to serve against him for the next forty days. Thirty-six days later the oath had become practically unnecessary.

De Montfort's own proceedings in the months of June and July are but imperfectly recorded. The day after

Prince Edward's escape, he began to issue letters in the king's name, commanding forces to be raised throughout England and assembled at Worcester, and publishing a sentence of excommunication from the clergy of the province of Canterbury against all who had beguiled the Prince into perjury. The capture of Worcester by the opposite party must soon have led to the substitution of Kenilworth as the place of rendezvous. De Montfort is also said to have written to his adherents among the northern nobility, calling upon them to join the auxiliary army. Towards the end of June he was driven to make use of a more questionable resource. In such extremities the presence of his former ally, Llewelyn Prince of Wales, in the mountains to the west, was too tempting. Large tracts of land, won to England in many a hard fight, were ceded to the Welshman, nominally at the price of 30,000 marks, on condition of receiving his support in men and arms. The demolition of some of the king's border castles was the immediate fruit of the bargain. The Earl of Gloucester's and the Marchers' castles were now visited by De Montfort for a like purpose. Among others, he stormed and destroyed Monmouth Castle, which had just been manned by the enemy. Soon afterwards, Edward and the Earl of Gloucester were in pursuit of him, having taken Gloucester and placed there an efficient garrison. One castle, apparently Usk, they occupied three days after its capture by Simon. About this time however he was reinforced by Llewelyn, and they together entered Glamorganshire, which belonged to the Earl of Gloucester, laying waste the country as they went. Returning towards England, the whole line of the Severn being in the enemy's hands, De Montfort made a desperate effort to escape from his perilous situation. He took possession of Newport in Monmouthshire, also belonging to the Earl of Gloucester, and sent messengers across the Channel up to Bristol, desiring that all vessels of burden to be found there should come to Newport without delay

to bring back himself and his army. By some mischance Gloucester heard of the design, and placed three galleys full of soldiers in the mouth of the Usk, to wait for the Bristol fleet. As it approached, they attacked it furiously, captured or sunk eleven ships, and drove the rest away. Edward and Gloucester, thinking to follow up their success, raised their standards, set their men in order of battle, and marched to the bridge leading to the town on the right bank of the river. In the middle of the bridge a conflict took place; when Simon, being hard pressed, set fire to the wooden structure itself, and retreated into Newport. Under the cover of night he withdrew his forces secretly from the town, and sought refuge with them in the mountains of his ally. Being however accustomed to the use of bread, they suffered much from the Welsh diet of meat (probably goat's flesh) and milk, and he was induced to lead them down once more to Hereford.

In the meanwhile Simon's friends had not been idle in acting on the royal letters for raising fresh supplies of men. But, so effectual were the measures adopted by Edward for making the Severn an impassable barrier, that many of the reinforcements, endeavouring to straggle singly into the Marches, were intercepted and either captured or repulsed. More judicious steps were taken by the younger Simon. Recalled by the urgent representations of his father from a tedious and unprofitable siege of Pevensey, which he was carrying on with the help of a body of Londoners, he joined his mother the Countess of Leicester, on June 13th, at the neighbouring town of Wilmington. At the news of the Prince's escape, she had fled by night, under the guidance of her "parker" or shepherd "Dobbe," from her own castle of Odiham, given her before her second marriage by her brother Henry, where, as we saw above, she had taken leave of the Earl at the beginning of April; and, after a stay of eleven days at Porchester Castle at the head of Portsmouth harbour, of which her son Simon had been constable since

Christmas, she was now hurrying along the south coast of Sussex and Kent to Dover, the constableness of which belonged in like manner to her eldest son Henry. Thither Simon escorted her, arriving on June 15th, and then probably returned to Porchester to prepare for his recruiting expedition. Ten days later he left Porchester, and proceeded by Tonbridge to London, where "he" summoned together the barons, about "sixteen banners, and an infinite multitude of warriors," and whither, on June 7, the Countess sent him additional help from Dover. The city of London appears to have decided to remain neutral, and to consider the war as a private quarrel between the two Earls: about the end of June the authorities hanged some soldiers who followed young Simon's army for "roberies" in Stepney and Hackney. The aldermen were in fact, as usual, of the King's party; and shortly afterwards nearly fell victims to a murderous conspiracy of the democratic mayor, Thomas Fitz-Thomas, and his associates.

From London Simon conducted his army to Winchester, where the citizens refused him entrance and killed one of his envoys before his eyes. Exasperated at this reception, on July 16th he forced a window of St. Swithin's Priory adjoining the walls, and introduced some soldiers who threw open the city gates. Entering, he treated the inhabitants with very little ceremony; killing, we are told, a few, and placing the rest under severe confinement, while he caused the houses and churches to be ransacked: the Jews were treated with especial harshness. In all probability the want of money for the support of his army induced him to undertake this otherwise inexplicable march to Winchester: and we may suppose that this resistance of the citizens was occasioned by a peremptory demand for heavy contributions; to which eventually he helped himself in the shape of plunder. Next he commenced a siege of Winchester Castle, but soon abandoned it, deceived by a false rumour of Prince Edward's approach. Loaded with booty, the

army now proceeded on their way to the appointed place of meeting, probably increasing in number at each important town. From Oxford, where they were received without opposition, they swerved in some degree from their direct course to visit Northampton, and at length reached Kenilworth on Thursday, the 30th of July.¹

It was past sunset when they arrived, wearied with the day's march. If we may judge by the great thunderstorms of June and of the very next week, the summer was unusually sultry. The confinement of the castle, smaller in the thirteenth century than it is now, was irksome for the hot nights; and the troops, after taking their own supper and feeding their horses, stripped off their heavy armour, and went comfortably to bed in the houses and priory of the pleasant town. It would seem that they indulged themselves in like manner the following nights. But they paid dearly for the luxury. Intelligence of their unguarded situation was carried to Prince Edward by a woman named Margot, whom he employed as a spy, dressed in man's clothes. It is also said that they were betrayed by a man of their own party, one Ralph Arden, obviously by his name a native of the intervening country. On Saturday night, August 1, the Prince, accompanied by the Earls of Gloucester and Warren, started from Worcester, and travelled all night. According to one historian, they halted while it was still dark in a deep glen near Kenilworth, pointed out to them by Margot, probably to rest themselves and take some food. While they were arming and saddling their horses, they heard a distant sound which made them fear that their enemies were on the alert and preparing to receive them. They therefore mounted in haste, seized their lances,

and rode on. When they were near the town, they met a string of waggons coming out to forage for provisions. These they seized, and took, it is said, the horses instead of their own, tired with a ride of thirty miles. The evening before, Simon's troops had come out for a bathe, doubtless in the remarkably large moat or "pool" below the castle, and gone to sleep as usual in the town and priory. Their slumbers, we are told, were the sounder for a drinking-bout before they went to bed. Dawn was just breaking when Edward stole upon the unconscious sleepers. With all his faults he had no taste for useless butchery; and, on entering the town, he gave strict orders that the whole force should be taken alive. His army then set up a loud shout, commanding the inmates to come out of the houses on pain of death. "So the poor wretches," says one who was perhaps an eye-witness, "miserably betrayed, rising from bed, all fled by the back of the houses, leaving behind them their horses, armour, clothes, and whatever baggage they had. There you might see some fleeing stark naked, some with only their breeches on, others with only their shirts and drawers: there were very few, and perhaps none, who were able to put on all their clothes; though many carried their clothes under their arms. . . . Soon Edward's soldiers entered the houses, one after another, and carried off the horses, armour, and every thing else which had been left behind in the flight. When morning came, the foot-soldiers, who the day before had followed holding on by the horses' tails of Edward's knights, put on the armour of the fugitive nobles and mounted their horses: so that you could see the prophecy of Ecclesiastes there and then fulfilled, 'I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.'" The surprise was complete. Young De Montfort himself, with two or three others, escaped naked in a little boat by way of the priory fish-pond into the almost impregnable castle. Nearly all the rest of the army were captured,

¹ The authorities differ remarkably as to the dates of the arrival at Kenilworth and the surprise, and the interval between the two events. The account here given seems to be the most probable in itself, and to explain best the variations. The *Waverley Annals* require the correction "iii dies" for "vi dies," an impossible reading.

including the Earl of Oxford and some thirteen banners: William de Munchensy, Richard de Grey, Adam de Newmarket, and Robert de Vere are the chief names mentioned. The prisoners were conducted for safety to Gloucester, and the army returned to Worcester, laden with the twice-captured spoils of Winchester.

We must now return to the Earl himself, whom we left at Hereford. Want of provisions at length compelled him to resolve to cross the Severn, and endeavour to effect a junction with his son's auxiliary army, without the help of which he knew that prolonged resistance was hopeless. Probably the time of his expedition was fixed by news of Simon's expected or even actual arrival at Kenilworth. It is also barely possible, but not likely, that he may have received immediate intelligence of Edward's departure from Worcester, and so been tempted to make the passage in his absence. It was apparently Sunday, August 2, the day that was ushered in by that strange scene at Kenilworth, when he left for the last time the neighbourhood of the friendly mountains. His road must have passed round the northern end of the Malvern hills, that thin upheaved ridge of once molten rock which so sharply severs the most ancient world of Britain, with its tossed and heaving waves of upland, from the gentle 'secondary' slopes of central and eastern England. Before him lay the almost level bed of the narrow sea called by geologists the Straits of Malvern, believed to have formerly prolonged the British Channel by the lower valley of the Severn upward till it met the Irish Sea at the present mouths of the Mersey and Dee. Far away to his right the further side of the strait was clearly defined by the face of the Cotswolds; but nearly opposite to him, they slanted gradually away towards the north-east, throwing out, before they left the Severn, one well marked spur, Bredon Hill. Almost parallel with their general direction, and partly encircling Bredon Hill, flowed the Avon, along the rich vale of Evesham, to join the Severn at Tewkesbury lower down. Its course indicates

roughly De Montfort's intended route; for, by following it upwards from Evesham, he would, after passing Stratford and Warwick, be led within two or three miles of Kenilworth.

He did not venture to approach Worcester itself, but made for a spot about four miles down the Severn, at what is now Pixham Ferry, opposite to Kempsey, an estate belonging to Bishop Walter. Late in the evening his army crossed the river. The whole of the following day was spent at Kempsey, for what reason does not appear: probably the Earl was afraid to move in broad daylight, and hoped to escape notice in his present position. On Monday night he put his force in motion again; perhaps, as some say, he had heard of Edward's return; but in any case he was not likely to stay in that dangerous neighbourhood now that his men were rested after their march from Hereford, and that he had the protection of darkness. Early in the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of August, he arrived at Evesham. Time was precious: but the King insisted on having his breakfast; the Earl was obliged to submit, and they stayed at the abbey.

But before the departure from Kempsey, Edward had returned to Worcester, and the movements of De Montfort's army were reported to him by his scouts without delay. That same night he set out once more to intercept it on the way to Kenilworth. He had reason to suspect the presence of spies from the enemy in his own camp; and, to deceive them, started in a northerly direction, as if Bridgenorth or Stafford were his destination. But after riding three or four miles, thinking his purpose sufficiently gained, he turned sharply to the south-east. In all probability he struck the Avon near Prior's Cleeve, about the boundary of Worcestershire and Warwickshire, five or six miles higher up the river than Evesham. Here he might learn the situation of the enemy; and here there is some reason to think that he detached a part of his force, under Roger Mortimer, to cross the river, proceed down its left bank, and

so intercept any of the present occupants of Evesham who might attempt to escape that way. Meanwhile he himself advanced along the right bank with the rest of his force. As he drew near Evesham, he followed the plan adopted at Lewes with so much success by Simon de Montfort, and separated his men into two divisions, one of which he led himself, assigning the other to the Earl of Gloucester. This second division he caused to march at some little distance behind his own, and apparently as much as possible out of sight. In front were borne the standards of the younger Simon and the other nobles who had been surprised at Kenilworth. All his men wore a red cross on each arm.

For some unexplained reason, the barons' army had been detained at Evesham till the day was far advanced. At length, mass being said, the foremost horsemen began to leave the town. Simon's barber Nicholas, whom he had placed on the look-out, now reported the appearance of a large number of armed men coming from the north, but at too great a distance to be clearly distinguished, though he thought he saw the standards of Simon's own expected party. De Montfort eagerly exclaimed that it must be his son, coming from Kenilworth; but, having some misgivings and fearing to be surrounded, he desired Nicholas to mount the bell-tower of the abbey to reconnoitre with more certainty. By this time Edward had withdrawn the captured standards; and, when Nicholas reached the top of the tower, he recognised the banners of the Prince, the Earl of Gloucester, and Roger Mortimer, approaching in three different directions; and cried out to De Montfort "We are all dead men." Their case was indeed hopeless. The Avon, winding about among the level meadows, surrounds the town of Evesham on three sides; and on the remaining or northern side Prince Edward was drawing near. The disproportion too of numbers was fearful; six or seven, it is said, to two. The enemies were able to bring their whole force into action;

while De Montfort had probably received few or no reinforcements to the small army with which he had originally gone to Gloucester, except Llewelyn's body of Welshmen. In truth his fate was sealed at Kenilworth. Years before, when he took the oath which determined the rest of his career, he seemed to have a foreboding what the end would be; and now, when the hour was evidently indeed come, he met it calmly, and went forth to die, not merely as a gallant knight, but as the deliberate martyr of a holy cause. It seems to have been still possible for a few good riders to escape; for he urged Hugh le Despenser and some others to save themselves for a happier time, while there was yet opportunity; but in vain. If, as is supposed, Despenser had been partially estranged from him in the preceding months, the breach was healed now; he too would not survive his devoted leader. A few words, variously reported, also passed between Simon and his eldest son Henry, partly in gentle reproof of the arrogance of the young De Montforts, which had occasioned this train of misfortunes, partly in entreaties from each to each to flee while the other remained to sustain the battle; but neither prevailed, and father and son resolved to die together. In the mean time the troops were solemnly shriven, and marked with a white cross on the right shoulder before and behind. The earl then addressed them, reminding them that their cause was that of justice and the laws of the land. "Let us go," he said, "steadfastly to die, for we have "breakfasted here, and we shall dine "in heaven." The march then began. To understand the plan of attack, he rode on with some of his knights to a rising ground from which he could see Edward's division crossing the next hill. Struck with the arrangement of forces by which the prince was about to overwhelm him, he exclaimed, "By St. "James's arm, they come on wisely; "though indeed they learned that trick "from me and not from their own wits. "Now let us commend our souls to "God, for our bodies are theirs." His

little band was soon gathered into one compact mass, to withstand the Prince on the one side and the Earl of Gloucester on the other. Earl Simon's banner was carried in the front by a Scottish knight, Guy de Baliol, and next to him rode Henry de Montfort.

The Prince himself led the onset at full speed with a blast of trumpets, and the combat at once became general. At the first shock the herd of Welshmen fled; some of them attempted to cross the river, and many were drowned in the attempt; the rest hid themselves in the gardens and cornfields, which then as now surrounded the town, where they were hunted out and destroyed. In front the battle raged with great fury. The king, who had been dressed in a suit of armour and brought out into the midst, received an accidental wound in the shoulder, and cried out "I am Henry, your old King." As his assailants pressed incredulously upon him, he implored mercy with passionate adjurations, protesting that he was too old to fight. His helmet being dragged off his head, he was at once recognised by one of the knights, and escorted by the Prince himself to a place of shelter at a safe distance.

Before Edward returned, the battle was virtually over. The two elder De Montforts sustained for a time the unequal struggle: the Earl's steadfastness seemed proof against the storm which raged around him. But presently his horse was stabbed in many places, and he was dismounted. Nevertheless he fought vigorously on, till news was brought him that his son Henry was slain. He gave one cry, "Then, by St. James's arm, it is time for me to die," grasped his sword with both hands, and rushed with such fury upon the ring of knights who were hemming him in, that, as one of them declared, if he had had seven like himself to help him, he would have turned the tide of battle. But the fate of his great predecessor Richard Marshall awaited him. A squire, stealing behind him, lifted up his coat of mail, and with a dastardly thrust of his sword brought him to the ground. In a few seconds his limbs

were hewn off and hacked to pieces, and only a headless trunk remained. One would gladly believe that these horrors were perpetrated, as one royalist historian implies, only by the rabble who followed in the rear of the Prince's army; but the names of knights are given, and it is but too certain that Roger Mortimer sent the head, in a manner too revolting for description, as a present to his wife at Wigmore Castle: thereby reminding one chronicler of "the Lord's forerunner, "whose head was offered to a dancing-woman at a feast."

The Barons' army was annihilated. Hugh le Despenser, Ralph Basset, and above a hundred and sixty other knights were among the slain, besides, it is said, two thousand foot-soldiers of Simon's own force and five thousand Welshmen. There were also many prisoners; among the rest young Guy de Montfort, who was found lying wounded on the field. The battle, or rather slaughter, was over in less than two hours. It was marked by a violent thunderstorm with extraordinary darkness all over England, which made the greater sensation, as a comet had already been conspicuous for some weeks.

What remained of Earl Simon was decently buried, by the king's licence, before the high altar of Evesham Abbey, as were also the bodies of his son and of Hugh le Despenser. Prince Edward himself attended Henry de Montfort's funeral with tears of genuine sorrow; for he dearly loved his brave cousin, who had been his intimate friend and companion from childhood upwards. It is said that, owing to scruples about persons dying under excommunication, the bodies were afterwards moved to unconsecrated ground. But, wherever it was that they rested, they were believed to have the power of working miracles. The tomb of St. Simon, as he was called, in particular, is connected with many such tales; by which, in a confused and fanciful way, thousands gave utterance to their feeling that the work done upon earth by the dead servant of Heaven was yet living and bearing fruit, and perhaps that he too was still a

minister of blessings to the land for which he had given his blood.

It may not be amiss to repeat two or three of the stories which at least illustrate the popular instinct about De Montfort. "When he came to England "in early youth, ignorant of the English tongue, it chanced that at the court at Westminster he heard the Abbot of Evesham summoned by the herald. "When a monk came forward to represent the Abbot of his house, Simon approached and asked him in what part of the country he lived, and whether they had there any place called in French '*Le Champs de Dieu*.' The monk replied that they had a piece of ground called in English God's Croft. "On which Simon's face brightened up, and he said, 'Believe me, sir, in the course of time more than seventeen martyrs shall receive their crown there,' meaning thereby, in the idiom of his native (French), an infinite number." In like manner Robert Grosseteste, the patriot Bishop of Lincoln, whose friendship had deeply influenced the Earl in his later life, was said to have once laid his hand on young Henry de Montfort's head, and to have pronounced over him these words, "Dearest son, thou and thy father will die both in one day and by one kind of death, and that for the sake of justice and truth." One other legend must be given, attesting the degree in which Grosseteste and Simon de Montfort were associated in the minds of their generation. "A young man, of about sixteen years of age . . . coming to the tomb of the holy Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, with his father and mother on the Saturday before the battle of Evesham, fell asleep, and continued in his sleep the whole night and till one o'clock on the following Monday. Then waking up, he began to speak, though he had all his life been tongue-tied and dumb; and he said to his father and mother, 'Why are you staying here?' They answered, 'To obtain your recovery from the holy Bishop Robert.' He answered, 'The holy bishop you speak of is not here, for

"he has gone on to Evesham to succour Earl Simon his brother, who will die at Evesham on Tuesday next."

The character of Simon de Montfort can hardly be disentangled from the story of his life. The process by which the foreign adventurer, the bought champion of a weak and ignoble king, became the English patriot, is full of interest, but cannot be described here. It is enough to say that the general grief at his death and veneration for his memory were assuredly not misplaced. Doubtless to several classes of the much-suffering England of the thirteenth century he was but the ideal deliverer from miseries of which in reality he knew little, and for which he therefore had little care. Still less perhaps does he deserve the credit of a far-seeing prophet. Even the most lasting of his measures were probably adopted in haste, with a view only to immediate necessities. But on the whole he strove manfully and conscientiously against the evils of his own time, which pressed upon such parts of the nation as were known to him. It was no small service to his own generation and to posterity, to set forth the laws and liberties of England as a cause for which it was worth while to lay down one's life. The principles for which Becket had contended were mixed with claims most injurious to the commonwealth, and his zeal and courage were deeply stained with unworthy ambition; and yet the records of this century shew what powerful influences for good lay in the memory of his death. Through his name the idea of martyrdom became familiar to the English mind as a possible duty of the present, glorified by the sacred associations of antiquity. Simon de Montfort gave the idea a wider compass. It was an incalculable blessing, not least for the Church itself, that the sanctity and renown of martyrdom should henceforth be shared with one whose cause was purely national, and that so all estates of the realm might learn to see a true and even a divine glory ennobling their several callings.

Such a benefit as this might have

been cheaply purchased even by De Montfort's death. But it would be a fatal error to suppose that the cause for which he fought was truly wrecked at Evesham. Dangerous as it is to pretend to say what would have been the course of things in imaginary contingencies, we can hardly be wrong in believing that the absolute and unchecked triumph of the barons would have gravely imperilled the future progress of England. Constitutional government, in the modern sense of the word, was as yet impossible: the state of society which it presupposes was only beginning to grow. The barons or the wild democracy of London were, taken alone, worse enemies to liberty than any king. The royal prerogative was the indispensable condition of the unity of the nation, the one bond by the pressure of which its divers elements could work their way to their respective tasks. The barons triumphed, so far as it was well that they should triumph, not in the immediate possession of outward authority, but in the mind of the people. Those last years of

Simon de Montfort were years of rapid education for several classes. The progress so made could never be thrown back except in appearance, and the national cause drew a moral strength from the martyrdom of its champion more than compensating for the loss of his personal help.

By one man in particular the lessons of those stormy days were, to all appearance, taken to heart with a depth and steadfastness for which even now we cannot be too thankful. There was a time when it seemed that Prince Edward would come to the throne little more than a crafty *Cœur de Lion*, in an age which required to be led by men of another stamp. But the rough apprenticeship of his youth did its work. Softened and instructed by personal and national experience, he ripened into one of the greatest of kings. The first-fruits of the Barons' War, and of the life and death of Earl Simon, were reaped by prince and people in the glorious reign of Edward the First.

A LITTLE FRENCH CITY.¹

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

(SECOND ARTICLE).

THE Lycée deserves attention as a specimen of a French public school. It is a very long, narrow, and lofty building, on the site of the old wall of the town, with great court-yards and a chapel. The side facing the promenade still bears many marks of musket-balls, a reminiscence of the invasion. As the stranger walks along the promenades, under those

lofty walls, he might excusably infer that the principal occupation of the students within was the production of horrible discords on all kinds of instruments. This impression, though natural, would however be erroneous. A system of education is carried on there which, if not in every respect exactly what one might desire, has, nevertheless, the qualities of steadiness, regularity, and discipline.

As there are eighty Lycées in France, all on the same model, a description of this particular one has much more than a merely local interest, and therefore deserves to be given in detail. France has the advantage of possessing a great national system of public schools for the middle and upper classes—a system

¹ The beginning of this article was written before the author was aware that Professor Arnold intended to contribute papers to the same magazine on a similar subject. It does not, however, seem necessary to withdraw what relates to the Lycée at Sens; for Professor Arnold's contribution, instead of lessening the interest of this, has in reality augmented it, by directing attention to the subject of public education in France.

impossible in England on account of the wider differences of caste, but admirably fulfilling the French ideas of culture and equality.

A striking difference between English and French education is, that in England the education of the upper classes is almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, whilst in France the national education is laic. How far this may seem an advantage or not, depends upon the point of view from which we look at it. If it is good for a nation to be governed by its priesthood, the English system is unquestionably the better of the two, for it gives the priesthood absolute power over a very important part of the nation. If, on the other hand, clerical authority is, as some assert, a kind of power naturally hostile to intellectual liberty, it need not surprise us that many politicians should be anxious to place national education in the hands of laymen.

The functionaries in a French Lycée are divisible into three classes,—Administrators, Professors, and Masters.

The *Administration* consists first of the *Proviseur*, who is the head of the establishment and directs everything; next, the *Censeur*, whose business it is to attend to the discipline of the Lycée, and who, therefore, is also a powerful personage; then the *Treasurer* and his clerk, who are called the *Économe* and the *Commis d'Économat*. The *Économe* is master of all money matters, and is alone responsible for them, not to the *Proviseur*, but directly to the Court of Accounts. He has an office where he and his clerk keep an open account between the Lycée and every pupil in it, and between the Lycée and all the tradespeople who supply it. Even the *Proviseur*, master absolute in everything else, cannot spend one centime, nor receive one, except his own personal salary. Lastly there is the chaplain (*Aumônier*), whose office is purely ecclesiastical, and who exercises little or no power but that of persuasion.

The *Professors*, fifteen in number, hear and examine the pupils, but are not present when they prepare their work. There are five professors of sciences and

ten of letters. Of the former, three are mathematical, and two teach physics and chemistry. Amongst the professors of letters there is one for English and another for German literature.

The eight *Masters* are the most to be pitied. It is their business to be with the pupils at all hours of the day and night, except during class hours, which are from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., and from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. These unlucky masters have to help and direct the pupils whilst they learn their lessons, on which account they are called "*maîtres répétiteurs*." They sleep in the dormitories with the pupils, they walk out with them when they take exercise, they watch them even in the play-grounds. To my mind the existence of one of these masters seems absolutely insupportable. Surely the calm and peace of the grave must have a great attraction for men who are hardly ever alone, whose days and nights are passed amongst scores of schoolboys! I wonder whether they envy the quiet folk in the cemetery.

High up in the Lycée there is an infirmary, and near it dwell three Sisters of Charity, one of whom manages the infirmary, and the other two the linen-room, where all the boys' linen is kept, nicely folded and clean, on pretty oak shelves, which exhale a pleasant perfume of lavender. These two Sisters have to take care that every one of the thousands of things under their charge is kept in good order and repair. Sisters of Charity have no choice where they will go, or what they will do. The Superior of this little sisterhood of three, she who attends to the infirmary, was sent here quite suddenly, and, for anything she knows, may be sent to some other place, and quite a different sort of work, any day. As it generally happens to these good women, she is regarded by everybody with the utmost respect and affection. She is a very fat, good-tempered person, extremely kind and obliging to every one, and like a tender mother to the boys in the infirmary. She is very sharp, nevertheless, and soon finds out small patients who

sham illness to escape work. For these, as the good Superior revealed to me in confidence, she has a simple treatment which effects a rapid cure. She reduces their food to famine allowance and administers a nauseous purgative. The boys, of course, very soon become ravenously hungry, and can stand it no longer, when they profess themselves quite recovered, that they may return to the flesh-pots of the refectory.¹

A physician visits the pupils every day from 7 A.M. to 8 A.M. As to those who are ill, he visits them as often as he is wanted.

The chaplain, of course, is a Catholic priest, and the chapel, which is lofty and spacious, but by no means beautiful, is provided with the things necessary for Catholic worship. There is, however, perfect liberty in religious matters, no one form of faith being imposed on the boys. It happens that at Sens, just at present, all the boys are, at least nominally, Catholics; but at the Lycée at Marseilles there are not only Protestants, but even Jews and Mahometans, all of whom are allowed to follow their own religion without interference. The religious services in the chapel consist of mass on Thursday and Sunday from 8 A.M. to 9 A.M., and vespers on Sunday from 1 P.M. to 2.30 P.M. The chaplain gives instruction in religious matters to each division of the school once in every week.

I particularly inquired whether boys entered as Catholics were compelled to confess, and was happy to learn that they are not. On the average, the boys confess about once a month, but a good many of them never. I was told that it was considered wiser not to make confession compulsory, because that would dispose the boys to hate the Church and religion altogether. This exceedingly sensible view of the matter might be applied with advantage to other religious institutions besides the confessional.

Nevertheless, it appears that boys

¹ Since this was written, the good lady is dead.

belonging to the Church of Rome are obliged to make their "première communion," which involves preliminary confession necessarily. After that, however, they are left free to confess or not as they like.¹

The total number of masters, not counting the priest, is, with the *Proviseur* and *Censeur*, 25.

The total number of pupils is 300. This gives exactly one master to every twelve pupils.

The scholars are of three kinds—*pensionnaires*, or boarders; *semi-pensionnaires*, or half-boarders; and *externes*, or day-scholars. There are 220 boarders, 40 half-boarders, and 40 day-scholars.

The rooms for study are of two kinds, *études* and *classes*. The *étude* is a place where the lessons are learned, the *classe* is the place where they are heard. The masters preside over the *études*, the professors over the *classes*.

The boarders and half-boarders learn their lessons in the *études*; but the day-scholars have not this advantage, being admitted to the *classes* only.

All the pupils are separated into three divisions:—1. *Division élémentaire*. 2. *Division de grammaire*. 3. *Division supérieure*.

The terms will now be intelligible.

PENSIONNAIRES.

	£	s.	d.
Division élémentaire	26	0	0
Division de grammaire	28	0	0
Division supérieure	30	0	0

¹ In a boarding-school the authorities stand in the place of the parents, and have to deal with the question of religion necessarily. In order, therefore, to ascertain how far the French Government is really in favour of secular education, we must go to a Lycée where there are no boarders, as, for instance, the Lycée Bonaparte, at Paris. The education there is absolutely secular. When a pupil enters he is not even asked what is the religion of his parents; nor is there any religious instruction in the course of education there. In this instance the State leaves the responsibility of religious education entirely with the parents, which, of course, is a great boon to parents who do not belong to the dominant faith. How far the system is in harmony with the feelings of the public, may be judged from the fact that at the Lycée Bonaparte there are no less than 1,200 pupils.

DEMI-PENSIONNAIRES.		£	s.	d.
Division élémentaire		15	0	0
Division de grammaire		17	0	0
Division supérieure		19	0	0
EXTERNES.				
Division élémentaire		3	4	0
Division de grammaire		4	0	0
Division supérieure		4	16	0

All the scholars wear the uniform of the Lycée.¹ Uniforms are repugnant to English individualism, and Englishmen on their travels often feel highly amused at the French custom of putting schoolboys in uniform, thinking it very ridiculous to dress up a set of boys, great and small, like so many soldiers. The reason for the uniform is, however, a good one. It is intended as a protection for the poorer boys, and arises from a desire on the part of the Government that its pupils should be accustomed to consider themselves equals. In a large Lycée, where the sons of rich tradesmen and well-to-do noblemen study side by side with poor *externes*, it is obvious that there would be visible disparity in dress; and appearances, if they affect men much, affect boys still more. Here again is the French idea of equality, which, whether we sympathise with it or not, we are compelled to recognise, if we would understand France.

When a boy is entered as *pensionnaire* his parents have to furnish his first outfit, or else pay twenty pounds to the Lycée. After that the Lycée clothes the boy entirely, so long as he remains there, without charging anything. Nor is a boy allowed to have fine linen of his own, the linen furnished by the Lycée being considered good enough for every one. The Lycée supplies all the books and stationery required for purposes of study.

Boys entered as *semi-pensionnaires* are clothed at the expense of their parents, but the Lycée supplies their

books. The same may be said of the *externes*.

As the uniform is intended to be a protection for the poor against the rich, so the presence of the masters is meant to protect the weak against the strong. The benefits of the fagging system are not recognised in France, and bullying is not allowed. It has been argued in defence of bullying that it prepares boys for manly life. But even in England grown-up men are *not* allowed to strike each other with impunity; and the master in a French Lycée fulfils exactly the same office as a policeman in a London street—so that in this respect a French Lycée represents a civilized community more accurately than an English school. For example, I have myself seen an English school-bully inflict a certain counted number of hard blows daily on a boy, too young to resist him, simply “for his amusement.” Fortunately, the law, the ever-present schoolmaster of adults, forbids this particular form of muscular recreation.

The boys sleep in large, well-ventilated dormitories. Each has a little iron bed without curtains. In each dormitory there is a master's bed with white curtains. The washing arrangements are defective, consisting of a large circular basin, with several small taps from a raised reservoir in the middle like a fountain. This, though a stupid system, would still be endurable if there were more water; but the supply is insufficient, the share of each boy amounting, as far as I could calculate, to about one-twentieth part of what a cleanly English gentleman requires. I ridiculed these fountains so unsparingly that the functionary who conducted me was hurt, and took care to show me a room surrounded with foot-baths, whither the pupils are marched by detachments at regular intervals. The supply of water is the only detail in the whole establishment that really seemed unworthy of it. Air and light are both given liberally enough. The dormitories are at the top of the building, and have a great many windows on each side, which are kept open during the day-time.

¹ It seems quite right that there should be a uniform; but why, in the name of common sense, is it so stiff and awkward? A uniform for boys ought to be as free and convenient as possible—graceful, too, and pretty; whereas the costume of these unlucky Lycéans is as ugly and unyielding as that of an English policeman.

There are separate rooms for the boys' clothes, which are kept well brushed and repaired by servants and tailors belonging to the Lycée. There is also a shoemaker, who mends the shoes.

The boys all get up at 5.30 A.M., winter and summer. They go to bed at 8.45 P.M.

Their eating is arranged as follows:

7.15 A.M. Soup, or hot milk (with bread) in winter. In summer cold milk, with bread. To this bread the boys are allowed to eat preserves of their own, so that the kind friends of the little boys often give them dainties of that description.

12 A.M. The principal meal of the day, consisting of soup and two dishes, with some dessert. On ordinary days wine and water; on fête days better wine and a better dinner, with the additional delightfulness of pastry.

4 P.M. Each scholar gets a piece of bread, to which he generally adds preserves of his own as in the morning; but he gets nothing but water to drink to it this time.

8 P.M. Supper. A dish of roast meat, and one of vegetables.

The *classes* are held by the professors from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., and from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. The *études* (under the masters) are held from 6 A.M. to 6.45 A.M., from 10.15 A.M. to 12 A.M., from 1 P.M. to 2 P.M., from 5 P.M. to 8 P.M. This leaves too narrow a margin for physical exercise and recreation; and many enlightened Frenchmen maintain that the hours of study in the Lycées might be reduced, with benefit to the mental vigour of the pupils. If the reader will take the trouble to add the hours spent in the *classes* to those spent in the *études* he will find the large total of ten hours and a half of mental labour per day. Is not this too much? Very few immature brains can get any good out of more than six or seven hours of real work, and, even after twenty, eight hours are enough. It would be a salutary measure to reduce the time of brain-work in all the Lycées by three hours a day, and require them to be spent in rowing, cricket, or other energetic exercise according to the season.

Lessons in accomplishments, or "*arts d'agrément*," are taken out of the limited recreation time. Of the two accomplishments, however, one is a capital exercise—namely, fencing; and the other, music, is enlivening and refreshing to the practitioners, if not to the teacher. English and German are, I am happy to say, looked upon as serious studies, and taught in the regular hours. In addition to these languages, Spanish and Italian are taught in some Lycées, and at Marseilles there is a class in Arabic. Scholars who learn living languages give four hours a week to them in the *classes* and a proportionate time in the *études*.

As to Latin and Greek, they attack them with much energy. As in other countries, many years are painfully employed in acquiring two languages which very few pupils ever come to know really, and of which the immense majority forget everything, down to the very rudiments, a year or two after they have left college. The boys fabricate Latin verses once a week; and they produce French verses also; but this latter sort of poesy is not compulsory.

Chemistry and physics are taught in earnest up to a certain point, and the Lycée is well furnished with good apparatus for experiments.

There is a drawing lesson of two hours, twice a week. The sort of drawing taught is apparently drawing in earnest, but the time devoted is of course too short to lead to much technical proficiency.

There are eight classes, and a pupil generally rises one class every year; but this depends upon himself. Pupils usually enter the Lycée at nine years old, and remain there till eighteen, by which time they are ready for the *baccalaureat* (a bachelor's degree).

This degree is conferred by a Faculty. The Lycée of Sens is under the Faculty of Dijon; and this year all the members of the Faculty came by train to Sens to examine the candidates; but sometimes the candidates go to the seat of the Faculty.¹

¹ The Faculties belong to the French University system, which may be briefly outlined as follows:—

A system of schools so complete as this has not been got for nothing. An ordinary French Lycée costs fifty thousand pounds. It may safely be asserted that the mere material buildings of the French provincial Lycées have cost four and a half millions of money—not much in comparison to the cost of a war, yet a creditable little outlay on schools.

When a Lycée is not very prosperous the State aids it. The subvention of that at Sens was, at first, 1,000*l.* a year; last year it asked for 690*l.*; this year it will ask for 400*l.*; and very soon it hopes to do without any subvention.

The municipality provides the Lycée, and the ground, and the furniture; then the Government charges itself with the rest. The repairs of the Lycée at Sens have cost the town 20,000*l.*

In a French city the Lycée is the embodiment of modern tendencies and aspirations, and the cathedral of mediæval ones. The Lycée is prosaic, scientific, ugly, a place of hard labour for young brains, preparing them for the

work of this world by stern discipline of actual acquisition, leaving no time for dreaming about lofty ideas. The cathedral, on the other hand, is from end to end, from base to pinnacle, a great world of ideal aspirations; a place to which, century after century, men and women have gone purposely to get rid of the wearisome pressure of the actual, in meditations on the past histories of idealised personages, in sweet brooding over, and eager longing for, the bliss of a far Paradise. The temper of the Lycée is submission to discipline for the sake of knowledge, the temper of the Church is obedience for the sake of heavenly protection. In the first, men seek to correct their weakness by *getting to know*, for they attribute it to mere ignorance; in the second, they seek strength by prayer, and penance, and confession. The Lycée and the cathedral are in more ways than one typical of the modern and mediæval ages. Modern education is acquisitive and critical; the legends of the Church

The Minister of Public Instruction, for the time being, is head, or Chancellor, of the University of France.

Under him works, all over France, an immense machinery of Academies, Faculties, and Lycées. There are sixteen Academies, and as many Faculties, to eighty Lycées.

The Academies inspect and govern; the Faculties teach and examine.

The *Recteur* of each Academy is to the Minister of Public Instruction what the Prefect of a Department is to the Minister of the Interior.

The *Recteur* of every Academy has under him as many inspectors as there are departments in his jurisdiction. These functionaries are required to overlook public instruction in all its degrees within their respective departments.

All the *Provisours* of the Lycées are responsible to the Rector of the Academy. It is only on matters of urgency that the *Provisour* communicates directly with the Minister.

The teaching of the Faculties is gratuitous, but the students are not boarded. They live in the city which is the seat of the Faculty, and attend the lectures of the Professors. The three grades in degrees are *Bachelier*, *Licencié*, and *Docteur*. The Faculties alone can confer degrees. The Lycées prepare students for the degree of *Bachelier*; the Faculties confer that degree, and afterwards continue and complete the system of education. The preliminary Bachelor's degree is

required of all candidates for admission to the following great professional schools:—

Ecole d'Etat Major.—(For the staff of the Army.)

Ecole Forestière.—(Rivers and forests.)

Ecole Normale.—(For training teachers for the Lycées.)

Ecole de Droit.—(For barristers, attorneys, notaries.)

Ecole de Medecine.—(For students of medicine.)

Ecole Polytechnique.—(For military and civil engineers, and artillery officers.)

Ecole St. Cyr.—(For officers in the army.)

Ecole des Chartes.—(For diplomacy.)

Ecole des Mines.—(For mining engineers.)

Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées.—(For engineers of public roads and bridges.)

Ecole de Génie Maritime.—(For marine engineers.)

The Lycée is consequently the almost inevitable preparation for all the most important secular professions. Not absolutely inevitable, because a boy privately educated may take his Bachelor's degree if he can pass the examination. The Roman Catholic clergy are educated in seminaries of their own; which isolates them, as a class, from their early youth. The priests tell me that in their Seminaries the discipline is much less severe than in the Lycées, and the education more paternal. There is enough about education in this article, or I would have told what I could about the Seminary here.

of Rome were endlessly inventive, full of deep feeling, and passion, and power. The Lycée is as prosaic as a Lancashire factory; it is, indeed, a sort of factory for turning raw boy-material into bachelors. The cathedral is all poetry; I mean that every part of it affects our emotional nature either by its own grandeur or beauty, or by its allusion to histories of bright virtue or brave fortitude. And this emotional result is independent of belief in the historical truth of these great legends—it would be stronger, no doubt, if we believed them, but we are still capable of feeling their solemn poetry and large significance as we feel the poetry and significance of "Sir Galahad," or "The Idylls of the King."

Some persons are so constituted that it is necessary to their happiness to live near some noble work of art or nature. A mountain is satisfactory to them because it is great and ever new, presenting itself every hour under aspects so unforeseen that one can gaze at it for years with unflagging interest. To some minds, to mine amongst others, human life is scarcely supportable far from some stately and magnificent object, worthy of endless study and admiration. But what of life in the plains? Truly, most plains are dreary enough, but still they may have fine trees, or a cathedral. And in the cathedral, here, I find no despicable compensation for the loss of dear old Ben Cruachan. The effects of light on Cruachan were far more wonderful and interesting, but still it is something to see the cathedral front dark in the early morning when the sun has risen behind it, and golden in the glow of the evening when he lights all its carven imagery. Better than either when the sun has set long ago, and the slenderly columned arcades lift themselves storey above storey, pale in the clear calm air, and the white statues of the mitred old archbishops stand ghostly in their lofty tower. And then is the time to enter in, and feel the true power of the place. Just before the Suisse locks all the doors, go in, and yield to all the influences

that await you. Silent worshippers are lingering at twenty altars yet¹—women, all of them, gathering strength to bear their sorrows. They are praying for dear friends, dead and living; they are praying to be sustained in their daily trials. You find them in little groups of two or three, quite silent and absorbed; and here and there one kneels alone in some dim old vaulted chapel, before an altar decked with flowers, almost invisible now. And above the altar a little lamp is burning, one little speck of yellow fire shining, faintly, yet for ever. And all the painted windows gleam with a strange intensity, for their tracery is quite black now and every scrap of glass tells with tenfold power. Thousands of figures are still mysteriously visible—angels and demons, prelates and warriors, and all the saints and heroes of the faith. The flames of hell are still visibly crimson; still visibly writhe in torture the companies of the damned! But the Suisse gathers us all together—us, lovers of fine art, who came on purpose to be pleasantly thrilled by a poetic effect; and those others, the poor women, who came to pray at the altars of the Blessed Saints. I wonder whether he does not miss one now and then, lost in a dream of paradise, or passionate prayer for the dead, far in some lonely chapel before her favoured shrine.

A Gothic cathedral, being intended originally for the great ceremonies of the Roman Church, can only be properly seen and understood when one of those ceremonies is going forward in it. The extreme discrepancy between the splendour of our old English cathedrals, with their obvious adaptation to the Roman ritual, and the simple costume and observances of the English Church, strikes every artist irresistibly. The natural completion of a Gothic cathedral is a visible bishop, with cope and mitre and crozier, surrounded by a crowd of inferior priests, all glowing with gold and embroidery. With those living and moving figures the painted windows and illumin-

¹ There are twenty-five altars in the cathedral at Sens.

ated vault have a natural and intelligible relationship; but the wig and lawn sleeves (though objects of ambition to the clergy, and of veneration to the laity) are in artistic harmony with no English cathedral except St. Paul's. Of course I speak here only of the æsthetic aspect of this question, and do not meddle with the theological. No doubt, in separating herself from Rome, England did wisely to display the outward and visible sign of her separation by rejecting the sacerdotal vestments. But thence came a discord between the old temples and the new priests.

Let us see how the old cathedral here looks on a great day, and let us try to understand what sort of ceremonies these Gothic cathedrals were built for.

The choir is enclosed by railings, and the priests do not seem to care very much whether we see them or not. The bishops, in the middle ages, performed their solemn offices in a kind of isolation from the crowd, utterly regardless of its convenience in every way. This makes us understand the purpose of the processions. Without processions, as a Gothic cathedral is constructed, not one person in a hundred would ever see the bishop at all; so he and his priests walked round the aisles, blessing the kneeling people.

This time it is the consecration of a bishop—a great event. The archbishop has allowed carpenters to erect seats in the aisles near the choir, to let us get a peep at the ceremony. Of course, many spectators find themselves precisely opposite a huge pillar, impervious to the sight, and there they sit, seeing nothing, and asking their neighbours what is going on. As for me, I see tolerably well through the iron grating. There are three prelates with stiff golden copes and tall mitres. One is our archbishop, who is to consecrate the new bishop. There are also two other bishops seated, in their simple violet dress.

The archbishop is seated in an arm-chair, with his back to the altar. The elected is seated in front of him, with the assistant bishops. This lasts for some time in perfect silence. One of

the bishops then rises, and begs the archbishop, in Latin, to raise the elected to the *onus Episcopatus*. The archbishop asks for the Apostolic mandate. It is read by a secretary, and then the archbishop administers the oath, which is long and highly curious. After that comes a remarkable catechism, to which the elected has to answer; and every time he answers he rises slightly from his seat. The catechism over, the elected is conducted between the bishops to the archbishop, whose hand he kisses, kneeling. The archbishop turns to the altar with the bishops, and confesses; then kisses the altar and incenses it; after which he returns to his seat.

There is another altar, lower down, for the elected, and there he says mass, but before that he is invested with some pontifical ornaments. Then all chant the great Litany of the Saints, the archbishop on his knees with all the bishops, and the elected, this time, prostrate on his face. It is strange to see that figure, habited so splendidly, stretched motionless on the ground whilst the slow, monotonous chant goes forward, and one wonders whether it will ever have an end.

It does end, however, at last, and then the archbishop stands erect before his chair, and the elected falls on his knees before him. Then they open a great copy of the Gospels, and put the open book on the head and shoulders of the elected, clothing him with it as it were. A chaplain behind him keeps the book from falling.

The archbishop and the assistant-bishops touch the head of the elected, saying, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost." And the archbishop, first taking the mitre off, prays, standing. Towards the close of the long prayer comes an allusion to the splendour of the Hebrew sacerdotal costume, which the Roman Church loves to recall in justification of her own magnificence.

Then they tie a white napkin round the head of the elected, who is now anointed by the archbishop. After unction, the archbishop prays for the new prelate; and then come an anthem

and psalm, both recalling the anointing of Aaron. They tie a long white napkin round the new bishop's neck, and his hands are next anointed. Now that the hands are anointed, they are fit to hold the crozier, which, being blessed, is given to the elected; then the consecrated ring is placed upon his finger. All this time the elected has been under the book of the Gospels, which is now removed. Then the archbishop kisses the elected, and so do the other bishops, and the new bishop returns to his own altar, where his head is wiped with bread and linen, and his hair combed with a curious antique comb, which has served that purpose for ever so many centuries. Then he washes his hands; and the archbishop, seated in his arm-chair, also washes his. The archbishop takes the sacrament, and administers it to the elected, at the high altar. Then he blesses the new bishop's mitre, and then comes the great moment when the mitre is finally placed by the three prelates on the new prelate's head. Lastly, the Episcopal gloves are blessed and the ring is taken off, and the gloves put on, and the ring put on again outside the glove. And now a hymn is sung, and the new bishop walks in procession all through the church, splendid with jewelled mitre and silver crozier, blessing the people as he goes.

Such is a bare and naked outline of the ceremony. But how shall I paint it in words?—how tell of the gleaming of the golden vestments, and the coloured light that fell upon them from the lofty windows of the apse? A group of bishops in full pontificals, close to the high altar in one of the noblest cathedrals the Gothic ages have left us, is a rare and wonderful sight—a sight never to be seen in England, and marvellous to our eyes. Yet one thing still was wanting. The splendid bishops and the Gothic architecture agreed quite well together; but what of the people? I longed for the costumes of the middle ages—for the knights with silken robes over their armour, and ladies dressed in rich embroideries, sitting gorgeous, like illuminated queens in missals, or like Esther

on the tapestry in the Treasury here, where she is innocently represented as a magnificent Burgundian dame of the thirteenth century.

So much for the artistic impressions; philosophical reflections the reader may not particularly care to hear. But one thing struck me as curious. In the middle of the choir sat Monsieur Leverrier, the astronomer—a person who holds, I believe, the heretical doctrine of the revolution of the earth, and who has presumed to add a planet to the discoveries of a profane science. Leverrier and the bishops seemed incongruous elements, and I looked at his sharp, intelligent face, to see whether it indicated a devout or a critical spirit. It seemed lively and interested, but not devout. Well for you, Monsieur Leverrier, that you live now rather than in the days of Galileo, or you might not only have beheld pontifical splendour, but felt pontifical power! There are dungeons under the Synodal Hall here, good for heterodox teachers!

Another spectator was more affected. There was a woman at a little distance from me, and exactly opposite a thick pillar, so that for most of what passed she had to trust the accounts of her neighbours; and, indeed, except for the emotions excited by feeling herself physically present at the ceremony, she, poor thing, might just as well have been at home. She kept up a perpetual stream of the most eager inquiries as to what was going on, which she directed to everybody who would pay any attention to her. "What is he doing now? Is he really anointed? What is the archbishop saying now—is he praying for him? Are his hands anointed now? and have they given him the crozier? Ah! to think—to think that he holds the crozier! Ah me! I have confessed to him many and many a time! And what are they doing now?—the ring—ah yes, the ring!—have they put it on? and, —what do you say?—have they taken the Gospels off his back? Ah me! and the archbishop has kissed him—and the other bishops, have they kissed him too? Ah, to think that he is really a bishop

now! O God, I thank Thee that I have lived to see this day!"

To this woman, you may be sure, the pageant was anything but tedious or overdone. To an uneducated Protestant it would seem absurd, if not sinful. To a spectator who thinks, it is merely an anachronism. We must remember that the Roman Church holds the principle that splendid public worship is a sacrifice of wealth highly acceptable to God—a principle which, whether right or wrong, has been held by all religions except the Protestant. Now, once admit this principle, and where are you to stop? Even Protestants dress well to go to church; and, as Protestant ladies consider handsome bonnets and fine shawls a fit expression of respect for the house of God, so, I imagine, might a pure-minded prelate don his glittering mitre and golden cope on entering the presence of his Master. As, for our archbishop, splendid as he is when on duty before the altar, he is as simple as Wellington at home. His income, to begin with, is exactly the tenth part of the income of an English archbishop; yet this income, moderate as it is, might procure him luxuries which he denies himself. For instance, he does not even keep a carriage, but (though always ill and infirm), whenever he has to go into the country, *Monseigneur* goes in a hired fly. One day I called upon him, and found him at work, in the intervals of suffering, in a room altogether destitute of luxury, and with no comfort except a fire, a plain arm-chair or two, and perfect cleanliness. The servant who opened the door was as simple as his master, and quietly tucked his blue apron round his waist before conducting me into the presence of *Monseigneur*. It is true that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not wear such gorgeous pontificals as his brother of Sens, but in all the splendour of *this* world he outshines him infinitely.

As to the effect of religious pageantry on the mind, I suppose our age has outlived it, and it is only artists and poets, or very devout women, who feel it occasionally still. Even royalty has all but

abandoned its costume, and kings make little use of their regalia, preferring for public occasions some military uniform, and for private ones the ordinary dress of a gentleman. But in the preceding ages the visible splendour of high office was an effectual strengthening of the hands of rulers, both civil and ecclesiastical, and therefore they wisely paid great attention to it.

It was a fine sight when the procession left the cathedral, and the great doors, eight hundred years old, were opened before the new bishop. There were real monks, with shaven heads and bare feet, such as we see in pictures, and the four prelates, in full pontificals, with all their attendant priests, followed by hundreds of chanting seminarists. A good many women were waiting about the door to have their babies blessed by the new bishop; but in one respect the scene differed strangely from what it would have been in the middle ages. *The men did not kneel.* The men are not Catholics.

Some modern writer has complained bitterly of the separation of the sexes by their different systems of thought and education. In France the separation is very wide. The women, generally, are Catholics—the men, generally, Deists.¹ I have often tried to get accurately at the real state of opinion, but it is not very easy. This much, however, is certain, that most educated Frenchmen are Deists of a type not unfairly represented by M. Renan, and that nearly all Frenchwomen in good society observe the rites of the Church of Rome. The boys are Catholics when in petticoats, but turn Deists generally between fifteen and seventeen, and remain so all their lives. This difference is, of course, a cause of much estrangement in families, because a Catholic lady finds on certain subjects a companionship in her confessor which she lacks in her husband.

¹ Within a radius of one hundred miles round Paris. In the mountainous and southern districts, and generally in places not having much communication with Paris, Catholicism is still a great power, even over men.

These facts may serve to account for what may seem such strange contradictions in modern France. The position of the Church, for instance, is both very weak and very strong. The direct power of the Church of Rome in France is infinitely smaller than that of the English Church in England, because the men are openly against it; but its indirect power, through the confessional, is still very considerable. For instance, the English Church in England is strong enough to repress the utterance of heterodox opinions in general society, but in French society such opinions are discussed with perfect freedom. On the other hand, such is the influence of the Roman Church in France over the women, that fathers who hate the priests find themselves nevertheless compelled to let their daughters confess themselves to priests, because a girl who should omit the *première communion* would find her position amongst women perfectly unendurable. And, as Catholicism in women is *comme il faut*, many men in France like girls for being Catholics, the more bigoted the better, though it is difficult to see how any union can be intellectually complete between persons who differ so widely on such an important subject as religion.

As to morality, I think there can be no doubt that France, on the whole, is a more immoral country than England; but it is an interesting fact that French mothers dread sending their boys to London, for fear of the dear innocent youths being contaminated by our bad example. The more ignorant French, too, have a horror of the shocking conduct of English girls, whom they look upon as lost to all sense of decency and propriety. Our institution of divorce, though really intended to work in the interests of morality itself, is looked upon by all well-bred Frenchwomen as abominably wrong and immoral; and they say it is hypocritical to affect to consider marriage divine and eternal, when, by our Divorce Court, we have virtually reduced it to a connexion binding only during good behaviour. I think an unprejudiced observer would

come to the conclusion that between young Englishmen and young Frenchmen there is really very little difference, but that (in spite of our divorce scandals) marriage is less generally respected by our neighbours than by us. That is about a fair statement of the case.

Frenchwomen are generally very active in their houses, giving the whole of the morning to busy superintendence of their servants. French ladies, even rich ones, are often excellent cooks. Their kitchens are pretty laboratories, with tiny charcoal fires sunk in tables of clean porcelain, and rows of many-sized copper-pans, shining like gold. The question as to whether a lady can cook, and still be conventionally a lady, is beyond my depth; but that a woman may be accomplished in all household duties, and still be both cultivated in mind and noble in feeling, is proved by many examples. Eugénie de Guérin is a good instance; but the French provinces abound with such. Charles Dickens had a very telling bit once about the De Quelquechoses, the great point of which was that Madame was to be seen in a morning in a plain dress, hard at work with her servants, to the astonishment of some English ladies, who visited her. And quite right too. Probably she was far too sensible a dame to run the risk of soiling a handsome dress; so she wore a plain print (often washed) when she was busy in the house, and reserved her better things for the drawing-room.¹

The Church has survived the *noblesse*, and the bishops are the only *noblesse* which still, in ordinary conversation, receives the title of *seigneur*. This is perhaps due to the fact that episcopal rank is official and not hereditary, the natural tendency of democracy being to elevate official rank by making it the only distinction. It is difficult for an Englishman to realize how exceedingly unimportant in France are even the most ancient and authentic titles of

¹ Ten to one, too, she wore a clean white cap to keep the dust from her hair; which, to English eyes, completes the resemblance to a servant.

nobility. Whether you are Count de B. or Marquis de B., you are always spoken of as Monsieur de B. Let the reader imagine how much title would be cheapened in England if our peers were always spoken of as *Mister so-and-so*, and if the public knew and cared as little about their titles of nobility as it does at present about their coats of arms.

The Café, an institution so dear to Frenchmen, flourishes even in this little city. One night I went with a friend to a café here, and heard something new. We had hardly been there five minutes when our talk was interrupted by a shrill sound, so strange as to startle us all, and break at once the varied threads of at least twenty conversations. What could it be? It continued, like the warbling of a nightingale, and then burst into a wild, sad melody, softly and tenderly executed, as if on a flute. Still we felt that it was not a flute, nor yet a bird. It came, apparently, from a youth seated at a little table by himself in the middle of the café. He was playing upon his hands, using no other instrument. He went on, and executed several airs from well-known operas—at first with taste and truth; then, afterwards, when he got tired, he began to play out of tune. Still it is very wonderful to be able to make so efficient a musical instrument out of one's two hands. The young man turned out to be a Portuguese, called Ferreira.¹

¹ He does not *whistle* at all; it is pure flute-playing. The notes are produced on the left hand, and he plays upon it with his right. The four fingers of the left hand are opened like the letter V; two fingers on each side. The mouth is inserted in the opening, so that the tips of the fingers come near the eyes. The thumb of the right hand is placed on the palm of the left, and the fingers play freely, as it seems, in the air; but they affect every note. If the reader attempts to produce a musical sound that way he will probably fail, but Ferreira produces two octaves and a half. His *fortissimo* is tremendously strong, and his *pianissimo* as faint as the distant warbling of a lark. His musical art is very unequal; he soon tires himself, and, when tired, loses precision.

Ferreira intends to visit London after Paris.

Besides a great many cafés, and a funny little theatre, Sens supports two establishments of baths. At any hour of the day or night you may have a bath brought to your house, with water ready heated, and carried up into your bedroom—for the moderate price of seven pence halfpenny before 10 P.M., and a shilling and a halfpenny after. The little old French washhand basins and cream jugs are of course detestable, but the big cheap warm bath is a capital cleanser.

The French are wonderfully fond of bathing. All the ladies and gentlemen here meet early on the fine summer mornings (between five and eight o'clock) to bathe in the river—in full costumes, of course. The ladies who happen to be well made, look graceful enough in their pretty bathing dresses, but the meagre ones and the corpulent ones do not appear to advantage. The gentlemen teach their wives and sisters to swim, and there is an old sailor who gives regular lessons all the summer through. They stay in the water very long, and try to swim very energetically. Their perseverance is often rewarded by considerable proficiency in that accomplishment.

Enormous rafts of wood come down the river, and it is curious to see how two men can manage them. One stands at the bow and another at the stern. The man in front has a thick pole that he puts into the water, so that one end rests on the river's bed and the other is caught under a ledge contrived for it in the side of the raft. The end of the raft then takes a leap, exactly as a man does with a leaping pole. It is raised out of the water, and at the same time pushed aside. By repeating this operation at the four corners of the raft, whenever necessary, it is easily guided. These rafts, sometimes several hundred feet long, are picturesque objects, with their little huts and the smoke of their fires rising from a vast flow of half submerged wood. At night the rafts are moored by the river shore, and then their bright fires are highly desirable as warnings to belated

Perhaps some English Barnum may make money of him; let us hope, also, for him.

canotiers. One very dark night, when I was rowing homewards down the stream at speed, my boat (a delicate one, by Picot of Asnières), came into collision with one of these rafts whose fires were out. Luckily, the boat rose *upon* the raft, and received no injury; but I had a Frenchman with me whose nervous system experienced such a shock that he has never stepped into it since.

The great Pear boats are a wonderful sight. I have seen as many pears at once, in the boats, and on the quay, as would cover the floor of Westminster Hall a foot deep; and all these pears were gathered in a little circle round Sens. Indeed I never saw a place with a market so abundantly supplied in proportion to the population. M. Déligand, the *maire*, having been struck by the same idea, took the trouble to get some statistics, which he gave me. The population is now about 11,000. On the Monday market *twenty thousand dozens* of eggs are sold, and six thousand strangers come into the town, bringing with them fifteen hundred carts. Fancy a proportionate influx of strangers into London once a week! and imagine, if you can, a proportionate quantity of eggs! And not only for its boundless abundance but its delightful variety is this market astonishing to an Englishman. You find so many good things that the wonder is how such a little town can eat them up. The secret is that Sens is one of the feeders of Paris, whose provision-merchants and fruiterers buy largely.

The name of our *maire*, M. Déligand, reminds me of one of his chief functions, that of marrying people; and this brings me to the marriage of the *Rosière*. The *Rosière* is a girl who bears a rose awarded to her by the authorities for her good character. Amongst the blameless virgins of the place they try to choose the most deserving. She gets a little dowry of twenty-four pounds, left by will for the purpose, and is married publicly with great *éclat* by the *maire* on the feast of the Assumption. I was present at the last marriage of the kind in the Hotel de Ville. The court-yard was lined by a corps of *Sapeurs Pom-*

piers (the Fire Brigade), in full military uniform, with a band. The *maire* and *sous-préfet* came in splendid ceremonial costume. All the municipal council and official persons were present. We waited some time for the fair bearer of the rose. At last she came, with her betrothed—a quiet girl, not particularly good-looking, and evidently rather bothered by the publicity of the ceremony. It must indeed have been very trying for her, the centre of all eyes, the subject of innumerable comments. I think she earned her little dowry. Not every maiden would face that ordeal for the sum of four-and-twenty pounds.

At the Hotel de Ville, where the marriage took place, is a library and little museum, whose chief treasures are some relics of Napoleon's life at St. Helena. One is a copy of Beatson's map of St. Helena, on which Napoleon had traced some plan of escape in red lines. He was hesitating, perhaps, between Europe and Brazil, for both words occur, in his handwriting. A still more interesting object is an atlas, with a map of a part of Asia in it, on which Napoleon's red line runs from *Cairo to the Indus*. On the margin at the right hand are a good many figures in his handwriting:—

30,000.
22,000 infanterie.
4,700 caval.
3— artill.

On the left is a rough calculation of time required. There is also Fleury de Chaboulon's book of *Memoirs*, with Napoleon's critical notes. His writing, at first sight apparently rather neat, is in reality very difficult to read. Though well used to French scribbles of all sorts, I never met with a more illegible hand.

I mentioned my painting-tent in a preceding paper. I have had a little camp on the heights for the autumnal months, guarded by a promising youth who had just come out of prison when I engaged him, and enlisted for a soldier when I wanted him no longer. One morning, on going to my work, it struck

me that Jacob looked unusually grave ; and, indeed, he had a long story ready about somebody who had fired upon the painting-tent. Surely enough the tent was riddled with shot ; but I felt inclined to believe that Jacob himself, who had a gun for his protection, had been, by accident or carelessness, the real author of the injury. A much more serious annoyance was the number of spectators, who thronged from all parts to see the tent ; and they all made exactly the same remarks that the Lancashire peasants used to make. The Lancastrians said, "He's makin' a map," the Burgundians say, "*Il tire un plan.*" The Lancastrians said, "Isn't it cold of a neet?" the Burgundians say, "*Il doit faire froid la nuit.*" The Lancastrians said, "*It's tinkers.*" The Burgundians, "*Ce sont des chaudronniers.*" In the course of two months and a half thousands of people came to see the tent, and, as they all said exactly the same things and asked exactly the same questions, their visits were less amusing to me than to them. One day came mounted gendarmes, armed and terrible. Feeling perfectly guiltless, I paid no attention to their cries ; so one of them, forced to dismount, came heavily on foot, ascending the steep against his will. When he got to the tent at last he was very much out of breath, and out of

temper too. It appeared that my imprudent Jacob had been amusing himself with shooting in the air, and that the shot had fallen on a gentleman on horseback (riding leisurely on the public road below), and that the horse, unaccustomed to that sort of rain, had been unpleasantly restive in consequence. So the gentleman had lodged a complaint, and Jacob got severely reprimanded, which didn't seem to affect his serenity. Indeed, I never saw a youth endowed with such enviable serenity of mind. Scolding had no effect upon him ; and he had a little, jaunty, self-satisfied manner which never failed him under the most trying circumstances. It was capital to hear him tell the story of his imprisonment, and the fight which led to it. He had been dancing at an open-air ball, and some *bourgeois* in tailcoats had resented the intrusion of Jacob and one or two other blouses. On this the blouses maintained their rights ; and, when the police came to see what was the matter, the gallant blouses fought both the tail-coats and the police. Who would not fight bravely in such a position, inflamed with wine, and under the very eyes of beauty ? But the blouses were vanquished and marched off to prison, and the hated *bourgeois* danced in triumph.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XIX.

COLIN never ascertained what were the events immediately succeeding his plunge into the canal; all he could recall dimly of that strange crisis in his life was a sense of slow motion in which he himself was passive, and of looking up at the stars in a dark-blue, frosty, winterly sky, with a vague wonder in his mind how it was that he saw them so clearly, and whether it was they or he that moved. Afterwards, when his mind became clear, it grew apparent to him that he must have opened his eyes for a moment while he was being carried home; but there intervened a period during which he heard nothing distinctly, and in which the only clear point to him was this gleam of starlight, and this accompanying sense of motion, which perplexed his faculties in his weakness. While he lay feverish and unconscious he kept repeating, to the amazement of the bystanders, two stray lines which had no apparent connexion with any of the circumstances surrounding him.

"Each with its little space of sky,
And little lot of stars,"

poor Colin said to himself over and over, without knowing it. It had been only for a moment that he opened his eyes out of the torpor which was all but death, but that moment was enough to colour all the wanderings of his mind while still the weakness of the body dominated and overpowered it. Like a picture or a dream, he kept in his recollection the sharp, frosty glimmer, the cold twinkling of those passionless, distant lights, and with it a sense of rushing air and universal chill, and a sound and sense of wending his way between rustling hedges, though all the while he was immovable. That feeling remained with him till he woke from a long sleep

one afternoon when the twilight was setting in, and found himself in a room which was not his own room, lying in a great bed hung with crimson curtains, which were made still more crimson by a ruddy glow of fire-light which flashed reflections out of the great mirror opposite the end of the bed. Colin lay a while in a pause of wonder and admiration when he woke. The starlight went out of his eyes and the chill out of his frame, and a certain sense of languid comfort came over him. When he said, "Where am I?" faintly, in a voice which he could scarcely recognise for his own, two women rose hastily and approached him. One of these was Lady Frankland, the other a nurse. While the attendant hurried forward to see if he wanted anything, Lady Frankland took his hand and pressed it warmly in both hers. "You shall hear all about it to-morrow," she said, with the tears in her eyes; "now you will do well, but you must not exert yourself to-night. We have all been so anxious about you. Hush, hush! You must take this; you must not ask any more questions to-night." What he had to take was some warm jelly, of which he swallowed a little, with wonder and difficulty. He did not understand what had befallen, or how he had been reduced to this invalid condition. "Hush, hush! you must not ask any questions to-night," said Lady Frankland; and she went to the door as if to leave the room, and then came back again and bent over Colin and kissed his forehead, with her eyes shining through tears. "God bless you and reward you!" she said, smiling and crying over him; "you will do well now—you have a mother's blessing and a mother's prayers," and with these strange words she went away hastily, as if not trusting herself to say more. Colin lay back on his pillow

with his mind full of wonder, and, catching at the clue she had given him, made desperate feeble efforts to piece it out, and get back again into his life. He found it so hard fighting through that moment of starlight which still haunted him, that he had to go to sleep upon it, but by-and-bye woke up again when all was silent—when the light was shaded, and the nurse reclining in an easy chair, and everything betokened night—and lying awake for an hour or two, at last began to gather himself up, and recollect what had happened. He had almost leaped from his bed when he recalled the scene by the canal—his conviction that Frankland had gone down, his own desperate plunge. But Colin was past leaping from his bed, for that time at least. He followed out this recollection, painfully trying to think what had occurred. Was Harry Frankland alive or dead? Had he himself paused too long on the brink, and was the heir of Wodensbourne gone, out of all his privileges and superiorities? That was the interpretation that appeared most likely to Colin. It seemed to him to explain Lady Frankland's tears and pathos of gratitude. The tutor had suffered in his attempt to save the son, and the parents, moved by the tenderness of grief, were thankful for his ineffectual efforts. As he lay awake in the silence, it appeared to him that this was the explanation, and he too thought with a certain pathos and compunction of Harry—his instinctive rival, his natural opponent. Was it thus he had fallen, so near the beginning of the way—snatched out of the life which had so many charms, so many advantages for him? As Colin lay alone in the silence, his thoughts went out to that unknown life into which he could not but imagine the other young man, who was yesterday—was it yesterday?—as strong and life-like as himself, had passed so suddenly. Life had never seemed so fair, so bright, so hopeful to himself as while he thus followed with wistful eyes the imaginary path of Harry into the unknown awe and darkness. The thought touched him deeply, profoundly, with wistful pity, with wonder

and inquiry. Where was he now, this youth who had so lately been by his side? Had he found out those problems that trouble men for their life long? Had existence grown already clear and intelligible to the eyes which in this world had cared but little to investigate its mysteries? While Colin's mind was thus occupied, it occurred to him suddenly to wonder why he himself was so ill and so feeble. He had no inclination to get up from the bed on which he lay. Sometimes he coughed, and the cough pained him; his very breathing was a fatigue to him now and then. As he lay pondering this new thought, curious half-recollections, as of things that had happened in a dream, came into Colin's mind; visions of doctors examining some one—he scarcely knew whether it was himself or another—and of conversations that had been held over his bed. As he struggled through these confusing mazes of recollection or imagination, his head began to ache and his heart to beat; and finally his uneasy movements woke the nurse, who was alarmed and would not listen to any of the questions he addressed to her. "My lady told you as you'd hear every thing to-morrow," said Colin's attendant; "for goodness gracious sake take your draught, do, and lie still; and don't go a-moidering and a-bothering, and take away a poor woman's character, as was never known to fall asleep before, nor wouldn't but for thinking you was better and didn't want nothing." It was strange to the vigorous young man, who had never been in the hands of a nurse in his life, to feel himself constrained to obey—to feel, indeed, that he had no power to resist, but was reduced to utter humiliation and dependence, he could not tell how. He fell asleep afterwards, and dreamed of Harry Frankland drowning, and of himself going down, down through the muddy, black water—always down, in giddy circles of descent, as if it were bottomless. When he woke again it was morning, and his attendant was putting his room to rights, and disposed to regard himself with more friendly eyes. "Don't you go disturbing of your-

self," said the nurse, "and persuading of the doctor as you ain't no better. You're a deal better, if he did but know it. What's come to you? It's all along of falling in the canal that night along of Mr. Harry. If you takes care and don't get no more cold, you'll do well."

"Along with Mr. Harry—poor Harry!—and he—?" said Colin. His own voice sounded very strange to him, thin and far-off, like a shadow of its former self. When he asked this question, the profoundest wistful pity filled the young man's heart. He was sorry to the depths of his soul for the other life which had, he supposed, gone out in darkness. "Poor Frankland!" he repeated to himself, with an action of mournful regret. *He* had been saved, and the other lost. So he thought, and the thought went to his heart.

"Mr. Harry was saved, sir, when you was drowned," said the nurse, who was totally unconscious of Colin's feelings; "he's fine and hearty again, is Mr. Harry. Bless you, a ducking ain't nothing to him. As for you," continued the woman, going calmly about her occupations—"they say it wasn't the drowning, it was the striking against—"

"I understand," said Colin. He stopped her further explanations with a curious sharpness which he was not responsible for, at which he himself wondered. Was not he glad that Harry Frankland lived? But then, to be sure, there came upon him the everlasting contrast—the good fortune and unflinching luck of his rival, who was well and hearty, while Colin, who would have been in no danger but for him, lay helpless in bed! He began to chafe at himself, as he lay, angry and helpless, submitting to the nurse's attentions. What a poor weakling anybody must think him, to fall ill of the ducking which had done no harm to Harry! He felt ridiculous, contemptible, weak—which was the worst of all—thinking with impatience of the thanks which presently Lady Frankland would come to pay him, and the renewed obligations of which the family would be conscious. If he only could get up, and get back to his own

room! But, when he made the attempt, Colin was glad enough to fall back again upon his pillows, wondering and dismayed. Harry was well, and had taken no harm; what could be the meaning of *his* sudden unlooked-for weakness?

Lady Frankland came into the room, as he had foreseen, while it was still little more than daylight of the winter morning. She had always been kind to Colin—indifferently, amiably kind, for the most part, with a goodness which bore no particular reference to him, but sprang from her own disposition solely. This time there was a change. She sat down by his side with nervous, wistful looks, with an anxious, almost frightened expression. She asked him how he was with a kind of tremulous tenderness, and questioned the nurse as to how he had slept. "I am so glad to hear you have had a refreshing sleep," she said, with an anxious smile, and even laid her soft white hand upon Colin's and caressed it as his own mother might have done, while she questioned his face, his aspect, his looks, with the speechless scrutiny of an anxious woman. Somehow these looks, which were so solicitous and wistful, made Colin more impatient than ever.

"I am at a loss to understand why I am lying here," he said, with a forced smile; "I used to think I could stand a ducking as well as most people. It is humiliating to find myself laid up like a child by a touch of cold water—"

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, pray don't say so," said Lady Frankland; "it was not the cold water; you know you struck against— Oh, how can we thank you enough!—how can I even now express my gratitude!" said the poor lady, grasping his hands in both hers, her eyes filling unawares with tears.

"There is no need for gratitude," said Colin, drawing away his hand with an impatience which he could not have explained. "I am sorry to find myself such a poor creature that I have to be nursed, and give you trouble. Your son is all right, I hear." This he said with an effort at friendliness which cost him some trouble. He scorned to seem to envy the

young favourite of fortune, but it was annoying to feel that the strength he was secretly proud of had given way at so slight a trial. He turned his face a little more towards the wall, and away from Harry's mother, as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Frankland, "he is quite well, and he is very, very grateful to you, dear Mr. Campbell. Believe me, we are all very grateful. Harry is so shy, and he has never once had an opportunity to pay you that—that attention which you deserve at his hands, and it showed such noble and disinterested regard on your part——"

"Pray don't say so," said Colin, abruptly; "you make me uncomfortable; there was no regard whatever in the case."

"Ah, yes! you say so to lighten our sense of obligation," said Lady Frankland. "It is so good, so kind of you. And when I think what it has made you suffer—but I am sure you will believe that there is nothing we would not do to show our gratitude. If you were our own son neither Sir Thomas nor I could be more anxious. We have sent for Sir Apsley Wendown, and I hope he will arrive to-day; and we have sent for your dear mother, Mr. Campbell."

"My mother?" said Colin. He was so much startled that he raised himself up on his pillows without thinking, and as he did so was seized by a horrible pain which took away his breath. "Sir Apsley Wendown and my mother? What does it mean?" the young man said gasping, as he managed to slide down again into his former recumbent position, "Am I ill? or does all this commotion arise simply from an unlooked-for ducking and a knock against the side of the canal." He got this out with difficulty, though he strove with all his might to conceal the trouble it gave him; then he turned his eyes to Lady Frankland, who sat wringing her hands and full of agitation by his bedside. The poor lady had altogether lost her good-natured and amiable composure. Whatever she had to say to him, whatever the character of the communication might be, disturbed her greatly. She

wrung her hands, gave a painful hurried glance at him, and then withdrew her eyes from his inquiring looks. All this time Colin lay impatient, looking at her, wondering, with a sharp sensation of anger, what she could have to say.

"Dear Mr. Campbell," she said at length, "you are ill; you have been wandering and insensible. Oh, it is hard to think you are suffering for your goodness, suffering for us! We could not trust you to our doctor here after we knew; we thought it best to have the best advice, and we thought you would prefer to have your mother. I would have nursed you myself and tended you night and day," said Lady Frankland, with enthusiasm; "I owe you that and a great deal more; you who have saved my dear boy."

"What is the matter with me?" said Colin. It appeared to him as if a great cloud was rolling up over the sky, throwing upon him a strange and ominous shadow. He scarcely heard what she said. He did not pay any attention to her. What was Henry Frankland's mother to him, or her thanks, or the things she was willing to do to show her gratitude? He wanted to know why he was lying there powerless, unable to move himself. That was the first thing to be thought of. As for Lady Frankland, she wrung her hands again, and hesitated more and more.

"I hope God will reward you," said the agitated woman; "I would give everything I have in the world to see you well and strong as you were when you came here. Oh, Mr. Campbell, if you only could know the feeling that is in all our hearts!" It was her kindness, her reluctance to give him pain, her unfeigned distress, that made her prolong Colin's suspense, and drive him frantic with these exasperating professions of regard, for which, true as they doubtless were, he did not care.

"I suppose I've broken some of my bones," said Colin; "it would be real kindness if you would tell me what is the matter. Will it take a long time to mend me? I should be glad to know, at least, what it is."

Impelled by his looks and his tone, Lady Frankland burst into her statement at last. "You have broken some of your ribs," she said, "but I don't think that is of so much importance; Sir Apsley, when he comes, will tell us. He is coming to-day and you are looking so much better. It was old Mr. Eyre who gave us such a fright yesterday. He said your lungs had been injured somehow, and that you might never—that it might be a long time—that it might keep you delicate; but even if that were the case, with care and a warm climate—oh, Mr. Campbell! I think he is mistaken; he is always such a croaker. I think—I hope—I am almost sure Sir Apsley will set you all right."

Again Colin had risen in his bed with a little start. This time he was scarcely sensible of the pain which every motion caused him. He fancied afterwards that for that moment his heart stood still in his bosom, and the pulses in his veins stopped beating. The shock was so strange, so sudden, so unlooked for. He sat up—struggled up—upon his pillows, and instinctively and unawares faced and confronted the new Thing which approached him. In that moment of strange consciousness and revelation he felt that the intimation was true—that his doom was sealed and his days numbered. He did not look at the anxious woman who was wringing her hands by his bedside, nor at any external object; but with an irresistible impulse confronted dumbly the new world—the changed existence. When he laid himself down again it seemed to Colin as if years had passed over his head. He said some vague words of thanks, without being very well aware what he was saying, to Lady Frankland, and then lay silent, stunned and bewildered, like a man who had received a blow. What she said to him afterwards, or how long she remained in the room, he was scarcely aware of. Colin belonged to a race which had no weak members; he had been used to nothing but strength and health—wholesome rural life and vigour—all his days. He had even

learned, without knowing it, to take a certain pride in his own physical gifts, and in those of his family, and to look with compassionate contempt on people who were "delicate" and obliged to take care of themselves. The idea that such a fate might by any possibility fall to himself had never once occurred to him. It was an impossible contingency at which, even a week ago, the strong young man, just entering upon the full possession of his powers, would have laughed, as beyond the range of imagination. He might die, no doubt, like any other man—might be snatched out of the world by violent disease or sudden fever, as other strong men had been; but to have his strength stolen from him while still his life remained had appeared a thing beyond the bounds of possibility to Colin. As he lay now, stunned by this unlooked-for fall, there came before his eyes, as vividly as if he saw them in actual presence, the sick people of his native district—the young men and the young women who now and then paid, even on the sweet shores of the Holy Loch, the terrible toll which consumption takes of all the nations of the north. One of them, a young man about his own age, who like himself had been in training for the Scotch Church, whom Colin had pitied with all his kind heart—with the deepest half-remorseful sense of his own superior happiness—came before him with intense distinctness as he lay silent-struck by the cold shadow of fate. He could almost have thought that he saw the spectral attenuated form, with its hectic cheeks, its thin, long, wasted hands, its preternatural length of limb, seated in the old, high-backed easy-chair which harmonized well enough with the other articles in the farmhouse parlour, but would have been oddly out of place in the room where Colin lay. All the invalid's life appeared to him in a sudden flash of recollection—the kindly neighbours' visits; the books and papers which were lent him; the soup and jellies which the minister's wife and the other ladies of the parish, few in number as they were, kept him pro-

vided with. Colin could even remember his own periodical visits; his efforts to think what would interest the sick man; his pity, and wonder, and almost contempt, for the patience which could endure, and even take a pleasure in, the poor comforts of the fading life. God help him! was this what he himself was coming to? was this all he had to anticipate? Colin's heart gave a strange leap in his breast at the thought. A sudden wild throb, a sense of something intolerable, a cry against the fate which was too hard, which could not be borne, rose within him, and produced a momentary sickness which took the light out of his eyes, and made everything swim round him in a kind of dizzy gloom. Had he been standing he would have fallen down, and the bystanders would have said he had fainted. But he had not fainted; he was bitterly, painfully conscious of everything. It was only his heart that fluttered in his breast like a wounded bird; it was only his mind that had been struck, and reeled. So much absorbed was he that he did not hear the voice of the nurse, who brought him some invalid nourishment, and who became frightened when she got no answer, and shook him violently by the arm. "Lord bless us, he's gone," exclaimed the woman; and she was but little reassured when her patient turned upon her with dry lips and a glittering eye. "I am not gone yet," said Colin; "there is no such luck for me;" and then he began once more to picture out to himself the sick man at the Holy Loch, with the little tray on the table beside him, and his little basin of soup. God help him! was this how he was to be for all the rest of his life?

This was how he sustained the first physical shock of the intimation which poor Lady Frankland had made to him with so much distress and compunction. It is hard enough at any time to receive a sentence of death; yet Colin could have died bravely had that been all that was required of him. It was the life in death thus suddenly presented before his eyes that appalled his soul and made

his heart sick. And after that, Heaven knows, there were other considerations still more hard to encounter. If we were to say that the young man thus stopped short in the heyday of his life bethought himself immediately of what is called preparation for dying, it would be both false and foolish. Colin had a desperate passage to make before he came to that. As these moments, which were like hours, passed on, he came to consider the matter in its larger aspects. But for Harry Frankland he would have been in no danger, and now Harry Frankland was safe, strong, and in the full enjoyment of his life, while Colin lay broken and helpless, shipwrecked at the beginning of his career. Why was it? Had God ordained this horrible injustice, this cruel fate? As Colin looked at it, out of the clouds that were closing round him, that fair career which was never to be accomplished stretched bright before him, as noble a future as ever was contemplated by man. It had its drawbacks and disadvantages when he looked at it a week before, and might, perhaps, have turned out a commonplace life enough had it come to its daily fulfilment; but now, when it had suddenly become impossible, what a career it seemed! Not of selfish profit, of money-making, or personal advantage—a life which was to be for the use of his country, for the service of his Church, for the furtherance of everything that was honest and lovely, and of good report. He stood here, stayed upon the threshold of his life, and looked at it with wonder and despair. This existence God had cut short and put an end to. Why? That another man might live and enjoy his common-place pleasures—might come into possession of all the comforts of the world, might fill a high position without knowing, without caring for it; might hunt, and shoot, and fall asleep after dinner as his father had done before him. In the great darkness Colin's heart cried out with a cry of anguish and terrible surprise to the invisible, inexorable God, "Why? Why?" Was one of His creatures less dear, less precious to Him than another, that He

should make this terrible difference? The pure life, the high hopes, the human purpose and human happiness, were they as nothing to the great Creator who had brought them into being and suffered them to bud and blossom only that He might crush them with His hands? Colin lay still in his bed, with his lips set close and his eyes straining into that unfathomable darkness. The bitterness of death took possession of his soul—a bitterness heavier, more terrible than that of death. His trust, his faith, had given way. God sat veiled upon his awful throne, concealed by a horrible cloud of disappointment and incomprehension. Neither love nor justice, neither mercy nor equal dealing, was in this strange, unintelligible contrast of one man's loss and another man's gain. As the young man lay struggling in this hour of darkness, the God of his youth disappeared from him, the Saviour of his childhood withdrew, a sorrowful shadow, into the angry heavens. What was left? Was it a capricious Deity, ruled by incomprehensible impulses of favour and of scorn? Was it a blind and hideous Chance, indifferent alike to happiness and misery? Was it some impious power, owning no everlasting rule of right and wrong, of good and evil, who trampled at its will upon the hearts and hopes of men? Colin was asking himself these terrible questions when the curtain was softly drawn, and a face looked down upon him, in which tenderness and grief and pity had come to such a climax as no words could convey any impression of. It was his mother who stood beside him, stretching out her arms like a pitying angel, yearning over him with the anguish and the impatience of love. Sometimes, surely, the Master gives us in the fellowship of His sufferings a human pang beyond His own—the will to suffer in the stead of those we love, without the power.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THEY'RE awfu' grateful, Colin—I canna but say that for them," said Mrs. Campbell; "and as anxious as if you were their own son. I'll no undertake to say

that I havena an unchristian feeling myself to Harry Frankland; but, when you're a' weel and strong, Colin,"—

"And what if I am never well and strong?" said the young man. His mother's presence had subdued and silenced, at least, for a time, the wild questions in his heart. She had taken them upon herself, though he did not know it. So far human love can stretch its fellowship in the sufferings of its Master,—not to the extent of full substitution, of salvation temporal or spiritual, but, at least, to a modified deliverance. She had soothed her son and eased him of his burden, but in so doing had taken it to herself. The eagle that had been gnawing his heart had gone to fix its talons in hers; but she carried it like the Spartan, under her mantle, and smiled while it rent her in twain.

"Whisht, whisht!" she said, in her martyrdom of composure and calm looks, and took her boy's hand and held it between hers—God only could tell how fondly—with a firm, warm grasp that seemed to hold him fast to life. "Colin, my man, it's a' in God's hands," said the Mistress of Ramore; "whiles His ways are awfu' mysterious. I'm no one that proposes to read them, or see a' thing plain, like some folk; but I canna think He ever makes a mistake or lets anything go by hazard. We'll bide His time, Colin; and who can tell what mercy and goodness he may have in His hand?"

"Mercy and goodness, or, perhaps, the contrary," said Colin. If he had not been a little comforted and eased in his heart, he would not have given utterance to words which he felt to be unchristian. But now, with his longing to be soothed and to accept the softening influence which surrounded him, came an impulse to speak,—to use words which were even more strong than his feelings. As for his mother, she was too thoughtful a woman, and had in her own heart too heavy a burden, to appear shocked by what he said.

"Maybe what appears to us the contrary," she said, "though that maun

be but an appearance, like most things in this life. I'm no one to deny my ain heart, or make a show as if I understood the ways of the Lord, or could, aye, in my poor way, approve of them, if a mortal creature might daur to say so, Colin. There's things He does that appear a' wrang to me—I canna but say it. I'm no doubting His wisdom nor yet His love, but there's mony a thing He does that I canna follow, nor see onything in but loss and misery. But oh, Colin, my bonnie man, that's nae cause for doubting Him! He maun have His ain reasons, and they maun be better reasons than ours. If you'll close your eyes, and try and get a sleep, I'll take a breath of air to myself before night sets in. I was aye an awfu' woman for the air; and eh, laddie! I think ye'll be thankful to get back to Ramore after this dreary country, where there's neither hill nor glen—though maybe it might be cauld for you in the spring, when there's so much soft weather," said the tender woman, smoothing his pillows, and bending over him with her anxious smile. "It minds me o' the time when you were my baby, Colin, to get you into my hands again. They say a woman's aye a queen in a sick room," said the Mistress. Her smile was such that tears would have been less sad; and she was impatient to be gone—to leave her son's bedside—because she felt herself at the furthest stretch of endurance, and knew that her strained powers must soon give way. Perhaps Colin, too, understood what it was which made his mother so anxious to leave him, for he turned his face to the waning evening light, and closed his eyes, and after a while seemed to sleep. When he had lain thus quietly for some time, the poor mother stole downstairs and out into the wintry twilight. Her heart was breaking in her tender bosom; her strength had been strained to the utmost bounds of possibility; and nature demanded at least the relief of tears. Two days before she had been tranquil and content in her peaceful life at home. When Sir Thomas Frankland's telegram came late at night, like a sudden thunderbolt into the quiet house, the Holy Loch was

asleep and at rest, cradled in sweet darkness, and watched by fitful glances of that moon for which Colin and his friends had looked; o guide them on the night of the accident; and no means of communicating with the world until the morning was possible to the inhabitants of Ramore. The anxious mother, whose eyes had not been visited with sleep through all the lingering winter night, set off by dawn to thread her weary unaccustomed way through all the mazes of the railways which were to convey her to Wodensbourne. She had neither servant nor friend to manage for her; and no fine lady, accustomed to the most careful guardianship, could be more unused to the responsibilities of travelling than Mrs. Campbell. When she arrived, it was to find her boy, her firstborn, stretched helpless upon his bed, to see the examination made by the great doctor from London, to hear his guarded statements, his feebly-expressed hopes, which conveyed only despair—and with that sudden arrow quivering in her heart to undertake the duties of a cheerful nurse—to keep smiling upon Colin, telling him the news of the parish, the events of the country ride, as if her coming here had been a holiday. All this, together—though so many women have borne it, and though the Mistress of Ramore was able to bear it, and more, for her boy's sake—was a hard strain upon her. When she got downstairs into the air, the first thing she did was to sit down on the steps of the glass door which led into the terrace and cry bitterly and silently. She was alone among strangers, with scarcely even a friendly feature of familiar nature to give her a little confidence. The aspect of the great house, stretching its long wings and solemn front into the twilight, containing a whole community of people unknown to her, whose very voices were strange and sounded like a foreign tongue, completed the forlorn sense she had of absence from everything that could help or console; and when, in the restlessness of her musing, she got up and began to walk about upon that deserted terrace which Colin had paced so often, all Colin's questions,

all his doubts, rushed with double force and feminine passion into his mother's mind. As she pursued her uncertain way, her eye was attracted by the lights in the windows. One of them was large and low, and so close upon the terrace that she could not help seeing the interior, and what was passing there. Harry Frankland was standing by the fire with his cousin. The long billiard-table behind them, and the cue which Miss Matty still held in her hand, did not enlighten Mrs. Campbell as to what they had been doing. Matty had laid her disengaged hand on her cousin's shoulder, and was looking up, as if pleading for something, into his face; and the fire-light which gleamed upon them both, gave colour and brightness to the two young faces, which seemed to the sorrowful woman outside to be glowing with health and love and happiness. When Mrs. Campbell looked upon this scene her heart cried out in her breast. It was Colin's question that came to her lips as she hurried past in the cold and the gathering darkness—"Why? Oh God! why?" Her son struck to the earth in the bloom of his young life—rooted up like a young tree, or a silly flower—and this youth, this other woman's son, taking the happiness which should have been for Colin. Why was it? The poor woman called in her misery upon the heavens and the earth to answer her—Why? One deprived of all, another possessed of everything that soul of man could desire—one heart smitten and rent asunder, and another reposing in quiet and happiness. As she went on in her haste, without knowing where she went, another window caught the Mistress's eye. It was the nursery window where all the little ones were holding high carnival. Little boys and little girls, the younger branches of the large happy family, with again the light gleaming rosy over their childish faces. The eldest of all was having her toilette made for presentation in the drawing-room, and at sight of her another blow keen and poignant went to Mrs. Campbell's heart. Just such a child had been the little maiden, the little daughter who once made sunshine in the homely house of Ramore.

It came upon the poor mother in the darkness to think what that child would have been to her now had she lived—how her woman-child would have suffered with her, wept with her, helped to bear the burden of her woe. Her heart yearned and longed in her new grief over the little one who had been gone four years. She turned away hastily from the bright window and the gay group and sank down upon her knees on the ground with a sob that came from her heart—"Why? oh, why?" God had His reasons, but what were they? The agony of loss, in which there seemed no possible gain; the bitterness of suffering, without knowing any reason for it, overpowered her. The contrast of her own trouble with the happiness, the full possession, the universal prosperity and comfort which she saw, struck her sharply with something which was not envy of her neighbour, but the appeal of an amazed anguish to God. "The ways of the Lord are not equal," she was saying in her soul. Was it, as Nature suggested, with natural groans, because He loved her less, or, as the minister said, because He loved her more, that God sent upon her those pangs, and demanded from her those sacrifices? Thus she cried out of the depths, not knowing what she said. "If I had but had my Jeanie!" the poor woman moaned to herself, with a vision of a consoling angel, a daughter, another dearer, fairer self, who would have helped to bear all her burdens. But God had not afforded her that comfort, the dearest consolation to a woman. When she had wept out those few bitter tears, that are all of which the heart is capable when it is no longer young, she gathered herself up out of the darkness and prepared to go in again to Colin's bedside. Though she had received no answer to her question—though neither God Himself, nor His angels, nor any celestial creature, had gleamed through the everlasting veil, and given her a glimpse of that Divine meaning which it is so hard to read—there was a certain relief in the question itself, and in the tears that had been wrung out of her heart. And so it was that, when Matty Frankland came lightly

out of the billiard-room, on her way to dress for dinner, Mrs. Campbell, whom she met coming in from the terrace, did not appear to her to bear a different aspect from that of the Mistress of Ramore. Matty did not lose a minute in making her advances to Colin's mother. She was, indeed, extremely sorry, and had even been conscious of a passing thought similar to that which had struggled passionately into being, both in Colin's mind and in his mother's—a passing sense of wonder why Harry, who was good for nothing in particular, should have been saved, and Colin, who was what Miss Matty called "so very clever," should have been the sufferer. Such a doubt, had it gone deep enough—had it become an outcry of the soul, as it was with the others—would have made an infidel of that little woman of the world. She ran to Mrs. Campbell, and took her hand, and led her into the billiard-room, the door of which stood open. "Oh, dear Mrs. Campbell, come and tell me about him," she said; and, as it had been the conjunction of a little real feeling with her habitual wiles that brought Colin under her influence, the same thing moved his mother at least to tolerate the inquiry. She drew away her hand with some impatience from the little enchantress, but her tender heart smote her when she saw an involuntary tear in Matty's eye. Perhaps, after all, it was less her fault than her misfortune; and the Mistress followed the girl into the room with less dislike, and more toleration, than she would have supposed possible. It might be, after all, the older people—to whom worldliness came by nature, as the Hindoos thought—who were to blame.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry; I cannot tell you how sorry I am," cried Matty—and she spoke only the truth, and had real tears in her eyes—"to think that he should save my cousin again, and suffer so for his goodness. Don't be angry with us, though, indeed, I should not wonder if you could not bear our very name—I am sure I should not, if I were you."

"Na, God forbid," said the Mistress. She was but half-satisfied of the reality of

the young lady's professions, and this suspicion, so unusual to her, gave dignity to her speech. "It wasna you nor any mortal person, but his own heart, that moved my Colin. You could do an awfu' deal," said Colin's mother, looking with a woman's look of disapproving admiration on Matty's pretty face, "but you couldna move my son like his ain generous will. He never was one to think of his ain—comfort—" continued Mrs. Campbell with a little shudder, for something in her throat prevented her from saying his life—"when a fellow creature was in danger. It was his ain heart that was to blame—if anything was to blame—and not you."

And the homely woman's eyes went past her questioner with that same look which in Colin had so often baffled Miss Matty, showing that the higher spirit had gone beyond the lesser into its own element, where only its equals could follow. The girl was awed for the moment, and humbled. Not for her poor sake, not for Harry Frankland, who was of no great account to anybody out of his own family, but because of his own nature, which would not permit him to see another perish, had Colin suffered. This thought, imperfectly as she understood it, stopped the voluble sympathy, pity and distress on Matty's lips. She no longer knew what to say, and, after an awkward pause, could only stammer over her old common-places. "Oh dear, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry; I would give anything in the world to make him well again, and I only hope you won't be angry with us," said Matty, with a suppressed sob, which was partly fright and partly feeling. The eyes of the Mistress came back at the sound of the girl's voice.

"I'm no angry," she said—"God forbid; though I might have something to say to *you* if my heart could speak. The like of you whiles do mair harm in this world, Miss Frankland, than greater sinners. I'm no saying you kent what you were doing; but, if it had not been for you, my Colin would never have come near this place. You beguiled my son with your pleasant words and your bonnie face. He had nae mair

need to come here to be tutor to yon bit crooked callant," said the Mistress, with involuntary bitterness, "than Maister Frankland himself. But he thought to be near you, that had beguiled him and made him give mair heed to your fables than to anything else that was true in life. I'm no blaming my Colin," said the Mistress, with an unconscious elevation of her head; "he never had kent onything but truth a' his days, and, if he wasna to believe in a woman that smiled on him and enticed him to her, what was he to believe in at his years? Nor I'm no to call angry at you," said Colin's mother, looking from the elevation of age and nature upon Miss Matty, who drooped instinctively, and became conscious what a trifling little soul she was. "We a' act according to our ain nature, and you wasna capable of perceiving what harm you could do; but, if you should ever encounter again one that was true himself and believed in you——"

Here Matty, who had never been destitute of feeling, and who, in her heart, was fond of Colin in her way, and had a kind of understanding of him, so far as she could go, fell into such an outburst of natural tears as disarmed the Mistress, who faltered and stopped short, and had hard ado to retain some appearance of severity in sight of this weeping, for which she was not prepared. Colin's mother understood truth, and in an abhorring, indignant, resentful way, believed that there was falsehood in the world. But how truth and falsehood were mingled—how the impulses of nature might have a little room to work even under the fictions of art or the falseness of society—was a knowledge unimagined by the simple woman. She began to think she had done Matty injustice when she saw her tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I know how good he is! I—I never knew any one like him. How could I help——? But, indeed—indeed, I never meant any harm!" cried Matty, ingeniously taking advantage of the truth of her own feelings, as far as they went, to disarm her unconscious and singleminded judge.

The Mistress looked at her with puzzled, but pitiful eyes.

"It would be poor comfort to him to say you never meant it," she said; and in the pause that followed Matty had begun to recollect that it was a long time since the dressing-bell rang, though she still had her face hid on the table, and the tears were not dried from her cheeks. "And things may turn out more merciful than they look like," said the Mistress, with a heavy sigh and a wistful smile. Perhaps it occurred to her that the gratitude of the Franklands might go so far as to bestow upon Colin the woman he loved. "I'll no keep you longer," she continued, laying her tender hand for a moment on Matty's head. "God bless you for every kind thought you ever had to my Colin. He's weel worthy of them all," said the wistful mother.

Matty, who did not know what to say, and who, under this touch, felt her own artifice to her heart, and was for a moment disgusted with herself, sprang up in a little agony of shame and remorse, and kissed Mrs. Campbell as she went away. And Colin's mother went back to her son's room to find him asleep, and sat down by his side, to ponder in herself whether this and that might not still be possible. Love and happiness were physicians in whom the simple woman had a confidence unbounded. If they came smiling hand in hand to Colin's pillow, who could tell what miracle of gladness might yet fall from the tender heavens?

CHAPTER XX.

BUT, though Mrs. Campbell's heart relented towards Matty, and was filled with vague hopes which centred in her, it was very hard to find out what Colin's thoughts were on the same subject. He scarcely spoke of the Franklands at all, and never named or referred to the ladies of the house. When his mother spoke, with natural female wiles to tempt him into confidence, of special inquiries made for him, Colin took no notice of the inference. She even went so far as to refer specially to

Miss Matty with no greater effect. "There's one in the house as anxious as me," said the Mistress, with tender exaggeration, as she smoothed his pillow and made her morning inquiries; but her son only smiled faintly, and shook his head with an almost imperceptible movement of incredulity. He asked no questions, showed no pleasure at the thought, but lay most of the day in a silence which his mother could find no means of breaking, even now and then, for a moment. The first horror, the first resistance, had gone out of Colin's mind; but he lay asking himself inevitable questions, facing the great problem for which he could find no solution, which no man has been able to explain. Had the thoughts of his mind been put into words, the chances are that to most people who have never themselves come to such a trial Colin would have seemed a blasphemer or an infidel. But he was neither the one nor the other, and was indeed incapable by nature either of scepticism or of profanity. The youth had been born of a sternly-believing race, which recognised in all God's doings an eternal right, beyond justice and beyond reason, a right to deal with them and theirs as He might please; but Colin himself was of the present age, and was fully possessed by all those cravings after understanding and explanation which belong to the time. Without any doubt of God, he was arrested by the wonderful mystery of Providence, and stood questioning, in the face of the unanswering silence, "Why?" The good God, the God of the Gospels, the Father of our Lord, was the Divine Ruler whom Colin recognised in his heart; but the young man longed and struggled to find reasonableness, coherence, any recognisable, comprehensible cause, for the baffling arrangements and disarrangements, the mysterious inequalities and injustices of life. He wanted to trace the thread of reason which God kept in His own hand; he wanted to make out why the Father who loved all should dispense so unequally, so differently, His gifts to one and another. This awful question kept him silent for days

and nights; he could not make anything of it. Social inequalities, which speculatists fret at, had not much disturbed Colin. It had not yet occurred to him that wealth or poverty made much difference; but why the life of one should be broken off incomplete and that of another go on—why the purposes of one should end in nothing, why his hopes should be crushed and his powers made useless, while another flourished and prospered, confounded him, in the inexperience of his youth. And neither heaven nor earth gave him any answer. The Bible itself seemed to append moral causes which were wanting in his circumstances to the perennial inequalities of existence. It spoke of the wicked great in power, flourishing like the green bay-tree, and of the righteous oppressed and suffering for righteousness' sake; which was, in its way, a comprehensible statement of the matter. But the facts did not agree in Colin's case. Harry Frankland could not, by any exertion of dislike, be made to represent the wicked, nor was Colin, in his own thinking, better than his neighbour. They were two sons of one Father, to whom that Father was behaving with the most woeful, the most extraordinary partiality, and nothing in heaven or earth was of half so much importance as to prove the proceedings of the Father of all to be everlastingly just and of sublime reason. What did it mean? This was what Colin was discussing with himself as he lay on his bed. It was not wonderful that such thoughts should obliterate the image of Miss Matty. When she came into his mind at all, he looked back upon her with a pensive sweetness as on somebody he had known a lifetime before. Serner matters had now taken the place of the light love and hopes of bountiful and lavish youth. The hopes had grown few, and the abundance changed into poverty. If the Author of the change had chosen to reveal some reason in it, the young soul thus stopped short in its way could have consented that all was well.

And then Lady Frankland came every day to pay him a visit of sympathy, and to express her gratitude. "It is such a comfort to see him looking so much

better," Lady Frankland said; "Harry would like so much to come and sit with you, dear Mr. Campbell. He could read to you, you know, when you feel tired; I am sure nothing he could do would be too much to show his sense of your regard——"

At which words Colin raised himself up. "I should be much better pleased," said Colin, "if you would not impute to me feelings which I don't pretend to. It was no regard for Mr. Frankland that induced me——"

"Oh, indeed! I know how good you are," said Harry's mother, pressing his hand, "always so generous and disposed to make light of your own kindness; but we all know very well, and Harry knows, that there is many a brother who would not have done so much. I am sure I cannot express to you a tenth part of what I feel. Harry's life is so precious," said my Lady, with a natural human appreciation of her own concerns, and unconscious, unintentional indifference to those of others. "The eldest son—and Sir Thomas has quite commenced to rely upon him for many things—and I am sure I don't know what I should do without Harry to refer to," Lady Frankland continued, with a little smile of maternal pride and triumph. When she came to this point, it chanced to her to catch a side glimpse of Mrs. Campbell's face. The Mistress sat by her son's bedside, pale, with her lips set close, and her eyes fixed upon the hem of her apron, which she was folding and refolding in her hands. She did not say anything, nor give utterance in any way to the dumb remonstrance and reproach with which her heart was bursting; but there was something in her face which imposed silence upon the triumphant, prosperous woman beside her. Lady Frankland gave a little gasp of mingled fright and compunction. She did not know what to say to express her full sense of the service which Colin had done her; and there was nothing strange in her instinctive feeling, that she, a woman used to be served and tended all her life, had a natural claim upon other people's ser-

vices. She was very sorry, of course, about Mr. Campbell; if any exertion of hers could have cured him, he would have been well in half-an-hour. But, as it was, it appeared to her rather natural than otherwise that the tutor should suffer and that her own son should be saved.

"I felt always secure about Harry when you were with him," she said, with an involuntary artifice. "He was so fond of you, Mr. Campbell—and I always felt that you knew how important his safety was, and how much depended——"

"Pardon me" said Colin—he was angry in his weakness at her pertinacity. "I have no right to your gratitude. Your son and I have no love for each other, Lady Frankland. I picked him out of the canal, not because I thought of the importance of his life, but because I had seen him go down, and should have felt myself a kind of murderer had I not tried to save him. That is the whole. Why should I be supposed to have any special regard for him? Perhaps," said Colin, whose words came slowly and whose voice was interrupted by his weakness—"I would have given my life with more comfort for any other man."

"Oh Mr. Campbell! don't be so angry and bitter. After all, it was not our fault," said Lady Frankland, with a wondering offence and disappointment—and then she hurriedly changed her tone, and began to congratulate his mother on his improved looks. "I am so glad to see him looking so much better. There were some people coming here" said my lady, faltering a little; "we would not have them come so long as he was so ill. Neither Harry nor any of us could have suffered it: We had sent to put them off; but, now that he is so much better——" said Lady Frankland, with a voice which was half complaint and half appeal. She thought it was rather ill-tempered of the mother and son to make so little response. "When I almost asked their permission!" she said, with a little indignation, when she had gone downstairs; "but they seem to think they should be quite masters, and look as black as if we had done them an injury. Send to every-

body, and say it is to be on Wednesday, Matty; for Henry's interest must not be neglected." It was a ball, for which Lady Frankland had sent out her invitations some time before the accident; for Harry Frankland was to ask the suffrages of the electors of Earie at the approaching election. "I don't mean to be ungrateful to Mr. Campbell," said the Lady of Wodensbourne, smoothing those ruffled plumes. "I am sure nobody can say I have not been grateful; but, at the same time, I can't be expected to sacrifice my own son." Such were the sentiments with which Lady Frankland came downstairs. As for the other mother, it would be hard to describe what was in her mind. In the bitterness of her heart she was angry with the God who had no pity upon her. If Harry Frankland's life was precious, what was Colin's? and the Mistress, in her anguish, made bitter comparisons, and cried out wildly with a woman's passion. Downstairs, in the fine rooms which her simple imagination filled with splendour, they would dance and sing unconcerned, though her boy's existence hung trembling in the balance: and was not Heaven itself indifferent, taking no notice? She was glad that twilight was coming on to conceal her face, and that Colin, who lay very silent, did not observe her. And so, while Lady Frankland, feeling repulsed and injured, managed to escape partially from the burden of an obligation which was too vast to be borne, and returned to the consideration of her ball, the two strangers kept silence in the twilight chamber, each dumbly contending with doubts that would not be overcome, and questions which could not be answered. What did God mean by permitting this wonderful, this incomprehensible difference between the two? But the great Father remained silent and made no reply. The days of revelation, of explanation were over. For one, joy and prosperity; for another, darkness and the shadow of death—plain facts not to be misconceived or contested—and in all the dumb heavens and silent observant earth no wisdom nor knowledge which could tell the reason why.

CHAPTER XXI.

"AY, I heard of the accident. No that I thought anything particular of that. You're no the kind of callant, nor come of the kind of race, to give in to an accident. I came for my own pleasure. I hope I'm old enough to ken what pleases myself. Take your dinner, callant, and leave me to mind my business. I could do that much before you were born."

It was Lauderdale who made this answer to Colin's half-pleased, half-impatient, questioning. The new comer sat, gaunt and strange, throwing a long shadow over the sick bed, and looking, with a suppressed emotion, more pathetic than tears, upon the tray which was placed on a little table by Colin's side. It was a sad sight enough. The young man, in the flush and beauty of his youth, with his noble physical development, and the eager soul that shone in his eyes, laid helpless, with an invalid's repast before him, for which he put out his hand with a languid movement like a sick child. Lauderdale himself looked haggard and careworn. He had travelled by night, and was unshaven and untrimmed, with a wild gleam of exhaustion and hungry anxiety in his eyes.

"Whatever the reason may be, we're real glad to see you," said Mrs. Campbell. "If I could have wished for anything to do Colin good more than he's getting, it would have been you. But he's a great deal better—a wonderful deal better; you would not know him for the same creature that he was when I came here; and I'm in great hopes he'll no need to be sent away for the rest of the winter, as the doctor said," said the sanguine mother, who had reasoned herself into hope. She looked with wistful inquiry as she spoke into Lauderdale's eyes, trying hard to read there what was the opinion of the new comer. "It would be an awfu' hard thing for me to send him away by himsel', and him no well," said the Mistress, with a hope that his friend would say that Colin's looks did not demand such a proceeding, but that health would

come back to him with the sweet air of the Holy Loch.

"I heard of that," said Lauderdale, "and, to tell the truth, I'm tired of staying in one place all my life myself. If a man is to have no more good of his ain legs than if he were a vegetable, I see no good in being a man; it would save an awfu' deal of trouble to turn a cabbage at once. So I'm thinking of taking a turn about the world as long as I'm able; and, if Colin likes to go with me——"

"Which means, mother, that he has come to be my nurse," said Colin, whose heart was climbing into his throat; "and here I lie like a log, and will never be able to do more than say thanks. Lauderdale——"

"Whisht, callant," said the tender giant, who stood looking down upon Colin with eyes which would not trust themselves to answer the mother's appealing glances; "I'm terrible fatigued with my life, and no able to take the trouble of arguing the question. Not that I consent to your proposition, which has a fallacy on the face of it; for it would be a bonnie-like thing to hear you say thanks either to your mother or me. Since I've been in my situation—which, maybe, I'll tell you more about by-and-bye, now that my mouth's opened—I've saved a little siller, a hundred pounds, or maybe mair," said the philosopher, with a momentary smile, "and I see no reason why I shouldna have my bit holiday as well as other folk. I've worked long for it." He turned away just then, attracted by a gleam of sunshine at the window, his companion thought, and stood looking out, disposing as he best could of a little bitter moisture that had gathered in the deep corners of his eyes. "It'll no be very joyful when it comes," he said to himself, with a pang of which nobody was aware, and stood forming his lips into an inaudible whistle to conceal how they quivered. He, too, had built high hopes upon this young head which was now lying low. He had said to himself, with the involuntary bitterness of a mind disappointed and forlorn, that here at least was a life free from all shadows

—free from the fate that seemed to follow all who belonged to himself—through whom he might again reconcile himself to Providence, and re-connect himself with existence. As he stood now, with his back to Colin, Lauderdale was again going over the burning ploughshares, enduring the fiery ordeal. Once more his unselfish hope was going out in darkness. When he returned to them, his lips had steadied into the doleful turn of a familiar air, which was connected in Colin's mind with many an amusing and many a tender recollection. Between the two people who were regarding him with love and anguish so intense, the sick youth burst into pleasant laughter—laughter which had almost surprised the bystanders into helpless tears—and repeated, with firmer breath than Lauderdale's, the fragment of his favourite air.

"He never gets beyond that bar," said Colin. "It carries me back to Glasgow and all the old days. We used to call it Lauderdale's pibroch. Give me my dinner, mother. I don't see what I should grumble about as long as you and he are by me. Help me to get up, old fellow," the young man said, holding out his hands, and ate his invalid meal cheerfully, with eager questions about all his old companions, and bursts of passing laughter, which to the ears of his friend were more terrible than so many groans. As for the Mistress, she had become by this time accustomed to connect together those two ideas of Colin and a sick-bed, the conjunction of which was as yet misery to Lauderdale; and she was glad in her boy's pleasure, and took trembling hope from every new evidence of his unbroken spirit. Before long the old current of talk had flowed into its usual channel; and, but for the strange, novel circumstances which surrounded them, one at least of the party might have forgotten for the moment that they were not in the pleasant parlour of Ramore; but that one did not see his own countenance, its eloquent brightness, its flashes of sudden colour, and the shining of its too brilliant eyes.

But there could not be any doubt that

Colin improved from that moment. Lauderdale had secured a little lodging in the village, from which he came every morning to the "callant," in whom his disappointed manhood, too careless of personal good, too meditative and speculative for any further ambition on his own account, had fixed his last hopes. He even came, in time, after he had accustomed himself to Colin's illness, to share, by moments, in the Mistress's hopes. When Colin at last got up from his bed, it was Lauderdale's arm he leant on. That was an eventful day to the little anxious group in the sick chamber, whose hopes sometimes leapt to certainty—whose fears, with an intuition deeper still, sometimes fell to the other extreme, and were hushed in the silence of an anguish too deep to be fathomed, from which thought itself drew back. It was a bright winter day, with symptoms of spring in the air, when the young patient got up from his weary bed. Colin made very light of his weakness in the rising tide of his spirits. He faltered across the room upon Lauderdale's arm, to look out again, as he said, upon the world. It was an unfortunate moment for his first renewal of acquaintance with the bright outside sphere of ordinary life, which had passed on long ago, and forgotten Colin. The room in which they had placed him when his illness began was one of the best rooms in the house, and looked out upon the terrace and the big holly-trees which Colin knew so well. It was the morning of the day on which Lady Frankland's ball was to take place, and symptoms of excitement and preparation were apparent. Immediately in front of the window, when Colin looked out, Miss Matty was standing in animated talk with her cousin. They had been loitering about, as people do in the morning about a country house, with no particular occupation—for the sun was warm, though it was still only the end of January—and Matty was at the moment engaged in indicating some special designs of her own which were involved in Lady Frankland's alterations in the flower-garden, for Harry's approval. She had, indeed, just led him

by the sleeve into the midst of the half-completed design, and was describing circles round him with the walking-stick which she had taken out of his hand for the purpose, as Colin stood tremulous and uncertain by the window, looking out. Nobody could look brighter than Miss Matty; nobody more happy than the heir of Wodensbourne. If the sick man had entertained any hope that his misfortune threw a sympathetic shadow over them, he must now have been undeceived very summarily. Colin, however, bore the trial without flinching. He looked at them as if they were miles or ages away, with a strange smile, which did not seem to the anxious spectators to have any bitterness in it. But he made no remark until he had left the window, and taken his place on the sofa which had been arranged for him by the fire. Then he smiled again, without looking at any one, with abstract eyes, which went to the hearts of his attendants. "How far off the world seems," said Colin. "I feel as if I ought to be vexed by that paltry scene on the terrace. Don't you think so, mother? But I am not vexed, no more than if it was a picture. I wonder what it means?"

"Eh, Colin, my man, it means you're getting strong and no heeding about them and their vanities," cried the Mistress, whose indignant eyes were full of tears; but Colin only shook his head and smiled, and made no reply. *He* was not indignant. He did not seem to care or be interested one way or another; but, as a spectator might have done, mused on the wonderful contrast, and asked himself what God could mean by it?—a question which there was no one to answer. Later the curate came to visit him, as indeed he had done several times before, praying out of his well-worn prayer-book by Colin's bedside in a way which at first scandalized the Mistress, who had, however, become used to him by this time. "It's better to speak out of a book than to speak nonsense," Mrs. Campbell had said; "but eh, Colin, its awfu' to think that a man like that hasna a word out of his ain heart to make inter-

cession for his fellow-creatures when they're in trouble." However, the curate was kind, and the mother was speedily mollified. As for that excellent clergyman himself, he did not at all understand the odd company in which he found himself when he looked from Colin, of whom he knew most, to the mother with her thoughtful eyes, and to the gaunt gigantic friend who looked upon everything in a speculative way of which the curate had an instinctive suspicion. To-day Colin's visitor was more instructive and hortatory than was at all usual for him. He spoke of the mercy of God, which had so far brought the patient towards recovery, and of the motives for thankfulness; to which Mrs. Campbell assented with silent tears.

"Yes," said Colin; and there was a little pause that surprised the curate. "It is comfortable to be better," said the patient; "but it would be more than comfortable if one could but know, if one could but guess, what meaning God has in it all. There is Frankland downstairs with his cousin, quite well," said Colin. "I wonder does he ever ask himself why? When one is on the wrong side of the contrast, one feels it more I suppose." The curate had passed Harry Frankland before he came upstairs, and had, perhaps, been conscious in his own mind of a momentary personal comparison and passing wonder, even at the difference between his own lot and that of the heir of Wodensbourne. But he had thought the idea a bad one, and crushed it at once; and Colin's thought, though more justifiable, was of the same description, and demanded instant extinction.

"You don't grudge him his good fortune, I am sure; and then we know there must be inequalities in this life," said the curate. "It is very mysterious, but nothing goes without compensation; and then we must always remember that 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,'" said the good clergyman. "You are young to have so much suffering; but you can always take comfort in that."

"Then you mean me to think that God does not love Harry Frankland,"

said Colin, "and makes a favourite of me in this gloomy way? Do you really think so?—for I cannot be of that opinion, for my part."

"My dear Mr. Campbell," said the curate, "I am very much grieved to hear you speaking like this. Did not God give up His own Son to sufferings of which we have no conception? Did not He endure——"

"It was for a cause," said Colin. The young man's voice fell, and the former bitterness came back upon him. "He suffered for the greatest reason, and knew why; but we are in the dark, and know nothing—why is it? One with all the blessings of life—another stripped, impoverished, brought to the depths, and no reason in it, no occasion, no good," said Colin, in the momentary outburst of his wonder and passion. He was interrupted, but not by words of sacred consolation. Lauderdale was sitting behind, out of the way, humming to himself, in a kind of rude chant, out of a book he held in his hand. Nobody had been taking any notice of him, for it was his way. Now his voice rose and broke in, in an uncouth swell of sound, not unharmonious with the rude verse—

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die."

said Lauderdale, with a break of strong emotion in his voice; and he got up and threw down the book, and came forward into the little circle. It was the first time that he had intimated by so much as a look his knowledge of anything perilous in Colin's illness. Now he came and stood opposite him, leaning his back against the wall. "Callant," said the strong man, with a voice that sounded as if it were blown about and interrupted by a strong wind, "if I were on a campaign, the man I would envy would be him that was chosen by his general for the forlorn hope—him that went first, and met the wildest of the battle. Do you mean to tell me you're not ready to follow when He puts the colours in your hand?"

To be continued.

BIOGRAPHY AT A DISCOUNT.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

It can hardly have escaped the notice of those who watch the signs of the times—though I have nowhere seen the phenomenon commented on—that in this our day there are fewer biographies published than there used to be. In the lists of new books ready, or about to appear, which fill the advertisement-sheets of the literary and other periodicals, we find abundant announcements of novels, of historical works, of scientific, medical, and religious treatises; but the biographies are almost entirely wanting. Now here is a very remarkable change in our manners, which certainly deserves a word of comment, and a glance at which may help us in the difficult task of understanding the age we live in, and estimating its merits and demerits with some degree of certainty.

Twenty or thirty years ago we went exactly to the other extreme. We used to write biographies about everybody. A man concerning whom there really was nothing whatever to tell, except that he had been educated at one of our public schools, from which place he passed to the University of Cambridge, in the year —, and that then, after obtaining a fellowship, he was raised to the proud position of barrister, but did not practise, because, by the death of his father, the family seat in Parliament becoming vacant, he was induced to apply himself to the study of politics, and became an active supporter of Government under the Peel administration—this estimable individual used formerly to be biographized in two large volumes, with a portrait-frontispiece in the first, representing a gentleman of the Canning pattern, holding a scroll inscribed, "Corn Laws, 18—."

And what has become of this good gentleman now? He is lucky if he gets a short paragraph down at the bottom of one of the columns of the *Times* to

announce his death when it occurs, and to inform the world of the particulars given above. As to writing his biography, there are a few old-world fogies who might think the thing ought to be done; and a smaller section yet, the members of which, supposing the book written, might try to read it. But the thing is not done, and society is none the worse for the omission.

It is a fact, about which one cannot doubt, that there is much less of hero-worship among us than there used to be. It is much more difficult than it used to be to make a sensation. And this is certainly one among the many causes which have tended towards the decline of biography. We don't believe so much in individuals as we used to do, and consequently we don't desire so keenly to know about them. Even in small coteries, now-a-days, it is hard to get believed in, while the worship of the world at large is next to unattainable.

Years ago De Balzac prophesied, using these words: "Il n'y aura plus de grands hommes d'état; il y aura seulement des hommes qui toucheront plus ou moins aux événements." There is infinite delicacy and discrimination in the way this is worded. Men who administer well in the small section over which they preside; men who do their part in the great scheme satisfactorily—these, it is said, there will be, but no more great *individuals* who direct all the rest, and by all the rest are bowed down to and worshipped. Wonder and veneration are dying out among us. No one is surprised—no one impressed.

The fact is that improved systems of education, the prevalence of the examination-test, and other similar "institutions," have raised the standard of intellectual attainment, and, among the

multitude of well-informed people in the world, a man who would once have been distinguished is in danger of being lost sight of. And the man who *does* distinguish himself, is it not chiefly the money which he makes by his successes that is talked about? "I hear that So-and-so can command 5,000*l.* for a "novel whenever he chooses to write "one"—or "They tell me that Such-a-one never puts brush to canvas under a couple of thousand." "Mr. This must make a deal of money by his plays;" "Mr. That lives in the style of a marquis on the strength of that gun he has invented."

It is a good thing that we have abandoned biography so much as we have. The thing was to a great extent a farce. It was a farce to write the life of a man, and make a mere milk-and-water panegyric of it—to paint a portrait and leave out the blemishes. Were those portraits in printer's ink—generally known as biographies—like? Could we stand such likenesses in these days of photography? What instruction, what comfort, what warning was there in those biographies of the old days, when every man was made a hero of, and his faults, and his shortcomings, and his miserable weaknesses and follies were all glossed over, or disposed of in a few gently-regretful lines? Very often these books were written by relations of the deceased person, and how could he, or she, as the case might be, rip up the secret passages of the dead man's life, and dissect them for the benefit of society at large? Which among us would like this sort of revelation of his inner life to be made? And, if it is not made, where is the use of the biography? To read of a life that is all virtue and integrity, and entirely free from weakness and folly, leads a man either to despair or to disbelieve. He either says to himself, "I am so utterly removed from this sort of thing that there is no hope of my ever doing anything;" or he ceases to believe a word he is reading, and sets the whole treatise down as a pack of lies—which, indeed, by a total suppression of many

most important facts, it has really become.

Alas! if the hero had been really put before us as he was; if that study in which he "used to remain shut up all day" had been really thrown open to the public; if we had seen the great man, now working for a time, and then sitting for a much longer time staring at the fire, reading the advertisements in the newspaper, getting up to gaze absently into the looking-glass, or, perhaps, making faces at himself through its aid; if we had seen him when there was a ring at the bell holding his door ajar, and listening while the servant announced that "master was very busy in his study"—had our hero been exhibited to us in his idle as well as his industrious mood, we should have derived hope from the spectacle, and should have felt that his biographer was, at least, telling us the truth.

But no, "the subject of this memoir," as he used to be called, was only shown in full dress, and on his best behaviour, calm, upright, virtuous, just like that portrait-frontispiece. The written portrait and the painted are alike in unlikeness. That man, as depicted in the frontispiece, and as described in the book, would be quite incapable of girding at his enemies, of brooding over wrongs real and imaginary, of sticking to a wrong cause because he had committed himself to it, of inflicting small wrongs upon his foes when the means came to his hand. He would be incapable of over-eating himself, of lying a-bed in the morning, of beating his relations. In short, the only accusation which you could level against him would be that of a prig of the most unmitigated and uncompromising description. That charge would hold at any rate.

And there was another kind of biography, formerly, of which we see fewer examples in these days: this was the short memoir, "Remains of the Rev. Silas Scroop." There was something nasty about such a title as this, yet it has been seen in advertisement-sheets before now. "A memoir of Sarah Ann N——," too, would always sell well in

the religious world. A single volume this would be, of small dimensions, and ornamented with a meek and moistly-aggravating portrait. These were works which, falling into the hands of worldlings, did an amount of mischief which it is only just to say their authors never contemplated; for these uninitiated ones would say, "If this is religion I am afraid it won't suit me at all."

And another bad effect of too much and too indiscriminate biographizing was this,—a man who once began to see his way to a little success began also to see his way to the biography which was to commemorate it, and would act accordingly. His conduct would begin to adapt itself to biographical exigencies, and he would do and say many things, which would otherwise have remained undone and unsaid, with an eye to those terrible two volumes which were to record the story of his life for the good of posterity. How careful, too, our friend would become in the matter of letter-writing! His correspondence, even with his most intimate friends and relatives, would be affected by the thought that haply one day those sheets would be devoured by a ravenous public; and so his letters will no longer be entirely easy, slipshod, ungrammatical, disjointed, as letters to those we love should be; but, on the contrary, they will be well-composed, full of antithesis, epigrammatical, and either err in being formal compositions, with a beginning, middle, and end, or else they will be of the satirical-facetious kind, still, however, suggesting self-consciousness and pains-taking. And this is infinitely distressing. We should, in our letters, appear full-dressed when we have to do with strangers or acquaintances, but in dressing-gown and pantoufles to our friends. There was, however, nothing of this slipshod sort in the life of our friend who intended to be the subject of a memoir.

And I am afraid that it was customary with this worthy gentleman, when in society, to do many things for effect, and still with an eye to that possible biography. And this I am afraid would,

to take one instance, appear particularly in his behaviour to children. For was it not desirable, nay, imperatively necessary, that some such page as the following should appear in his memoirs: "The subject of this memoir was always most passionately fond of children, and, indeed, was never seen to better advantage than when associating with them. I remember that on one occasion, when I had invited some friends to dinner to meet him, he was very late; indeed, he kept us so long that I began to despair of his coming, and was on the point of ordering dinner to be served, when one of my guests, who was looking out of window perhaps rather impatiently, exclaimed: 'Why, surely, there is X. on the other side of the square, hopping on one leg with a number of children about him!'" We all hastened to the window, and there, sure enough, was the great man, apparently engaged in some mystic performance, the exact nature of which we could not make out; at one time hopping backwards and forwards upon the pavement, apparently in obedience to the lines of some pattern; at another time stooping to correct the pattern with a piece of chalk; and yet again pausing to direct the movements of a large flock of youngsters by whom he was surrounded. Our astonishment was, naturally enough, unbounded, and the servant was promptly despatched to the other side of the square to inform Mr. X that we were waiting dinner for him. Our dear friend arrived among us quite out of breath and flushed with his recent exertions. He was full of apologies for having kept us waiting. 'But the fact is,' he said, 'that, as I was coming round the square in the direction of this house, I happened to light upon a group of little men and women playing, or rather trying to play, at hop-scotch. Now I knew the game well, having played it frequently when a boy, and I could not resist stopping to put them to rights a bit, and the dear little people were so ready to learn and so anxious that I should play the game out with them, and were altogether such delightful companions, that I am

ashamed to say I forgot all about dinner till James here was so good as to come and remind me—much obliged to you, James.”

Now, surely there was something suspicious about the conduct of X. on this remarkable occasion. To have played at hop-scotch at all in the streets would have been, under any circumstances, a doubtful proceeding; but in the very square—within view of the very windows of the house at which he was expected—it was really too bad. But we have not done with X. in this particular phase yet. “I remember, on another occasion,” says the biographer, “when our illustrious friend honoured my humble board with his presence, that my own little boy, always a great favourite with X., was present at dessert, and was entertaining us with his artless prattle. There was a young man at table who, I could not help observing, had shown himself rather forward and presuming, having several times spoken when he ought to have been listening to our illustrious guest. Now, it so happened that, in the course of the dessert, the young man to whom I have alluded began to make some statement just as my little boy was also beginning to speak. Of course the child stopped at once, and the young man went on. But this was not to be allowed. ‘Stop, young gentleman,’ said X., addressing the talkative youth, on whom all eyes were instantly fixed; ‘the *child* is going to speak, and we should always listen—to our betters.’”

It was, then, with an eye to such records as this that those rising men of a former period must have been tempted to perform many such fantastic tricks as, we are told, extract tears from the very angels themselves. Now there is less temptation; for in these days a man must distinguish himself so very much to run any, even the slightest, chance of being biographized, that he will probably have too much to do to find leisure for these very telling eccentricities. For it must be remembered that all these impulsive and unconscious acts require care and attention in their concoction, as well as in their execution, and are not to be

executed with good effect unless they are very carefully studied, and even, if necessary, rehearsed.

Is it too much to say that men have performed actions, and written letters, and kept journals with an eye to the biography which was to appear one day and put these things on record? I do not say that they have deliberately acted with that motive distinctly defined in their thoughts; but I do believe that in some cases it has been there, unacknowledged, perhaps, but potential, nevertheless, to influence the conduct of the weakly ambitious, and make them live on stilts or behind a mask, grotesque or sublime as the case might be. And now, at any rate, one motive that might instigate men to eccentric acts has been withdrawn, and those who still play such tricks as have been here glanced at do so rather to bewilder and mystify their living compeers than with a view of impressing posterity.

Woe to the men of cliques, to the lovers of solitude, to heroes worshipped of women! They live in sheltered gardens, they walk on velvet turf and along straight and even paths. Men should live *with* men, and with the strongest they can get hold of, too. So living, the conceit which grows about the heart, like proud-flesh, when the man is alone, working in his study, or among home satellites, will all be dispersed when he gets out into the world, and finds a dozen men in his club who can do as well as he, perhaps do a more important thing, and do it better. Under such circumstances, the man's morning work sinks in his estimation into its proper place, and he finds his level. But not all men can bear this wholesome regimen. Even if they are tritons, they like to have the minnows about them wondering, better than to be with fellow-tritons who take them easy, and are not surprised at their size.

All things considered, then, this decline of hero-worship, which I would fain venture to connect with the decay of biographical literature, is a good thing. The colder atmosphere in which genius flourishes now is wholesome for it.

Men respect more an audience that is no longer indulgent, and they strive harder to make their work perfect that they may win approbation, and escape censure and ridicule. Our awe of the public is tenfold greater now, when it is hard to please, well-informed, dispassionately critical, than when, twenty years ago, it believed blindly and worshipped. They say, and from observation I greatly believe it, that singers are in the habit of performing much more carefully in Paris, where the audience is almost savagely critical, than before the more good-natured public of our own metropolis. They will take more pains for us, no doubt, as we get hard to please.

It is worth while perhaps, to inquire whether certain changes in our social life may not have helped to snub the biographical muse. The life of a remarkable man generally comprises some notice of his "times," and of the society in which he moves. Is that society less interesting than it used to be? If the literary society of our own day were made the subject of a book, if a new Boswell were to arise, and attempt to give such a picture of the social life of our modern literary men, artists, and others as the old Boswell gave, would it—supposing the thing as well done, which is supposing much—be equally amusing? Would there be the same display of individuality and variety of character—the same readiness to discuss abstract questions, the same vigour and freshness of talk? I very much doubt it. We are all very guarded now, very much afraid of that school-master who is abroad to so wonderful an extent that his influence pervades all society—the man of facts and information who sits by, cold and watchful, ready to catch anybody napping at a moment's notice, ready to crush fancies with facts, and to repress enthusiasm with ridicule. And then there would be so much to report of a purely pecuniary nature in the dialogues of the modern geniuses—discussions as to whether *Genius No. 1* really received so many thousands for his novel as report credited to his ac-

count; whether *Genius No. 2* was not living beyond his means; or whether the sum said to have been paid over to *Genius No. 3* for his last picture was inclusive or exclusive of copyright. These things are discussed at enormous length and over and over again. They would not read so well in a biographical study as the discussions held in Reynolds's painting-room, or at the renowned "club" where Boswell grovelled and Goldsmith made a fool of himself; where Burke held forth on the Sublime, and Reynolds, isolated by his infirmity, meditated on the Beautiful. Pictures of such times we wanted—the more and the minuter the better—but the times are changed now, and, wonderful and glorious as they are, one cannot help fancying that they are sadly unpicturesque.

As to whether the peculiar nature of the fiction of the present day has had anything to do with the decline of biography, that would be a very difficult question to settle. It may be that, after reading of people whose whole lives consist of one uninterrupted round of the most exciting incidents, who get out of one scrape to fall into another, who plot and conspire, or else are plotted and conspired against, incessantly, who never seem to have a blank day when they have no engagements with the powers of darkness during their whole lives, who are ever from the cradle to the grave in turmoil or in rapture—it may be that, after being accustomed to this sort of thing, we find a real life of a real man a dull thing to occupy ourselves with, and should be disposed to throw the record of it aside as flat, stale, and unprofitable. The fact is that, in the life of one individual, the incidents may not be too unscrupulously multiplied without some outrage to nature. It is true that, in the columns of the newspaper and elsewhere, we do read from time to time accounts of strange and almost incredible adventures which have befallen certain persons, and these are often labelled "stranger than fiction." But then we must remember that the particular adventure which we,

read or hear of is perhaps an isolated thing in the life of the man who takes part in it. Another adventure, similarly exciting, does not come in his way again next day.

It is probable that the life of a successful man is generally less interesting than that of the individual whose career has been on the whole a failure. Success, like goodness, is a rather simple transaction. There is a phenomenon connected with the game of billiards which is sufficiently remarkable. It is this: the first-rate player astonishes you, not by the extraordinary skill with which he executes strokes of extreme difficulty, but, on the contrary, by so arranging his game that he always seems to have an easy stroke to make. So it is with the successful man in real life. He, too, astonishes you, not by the brilliant manner in which he gets out of scrapes, but by so ordering his life that he shall not get *into* them. Therefore it follows that his life will be the less interesting. The history of the man who gets into scrapes, and out of them again, who is for ever in hot water, who makes mistakes and suffers for them, who stumbles and falls, and gets up again, and makes but little way at last, is more exciting than that of the greater character, who, by wondrous effort, and the display of magnificent, but often unpicturesque, qualities, has managed to keep the even tenour of his way along the difficult and narrow path. It is good and right to succeed in this world, and noble qualities are required to enable a man to do so. The men who rave and roar about their temptations, and their repentance, and their

love of the right—only they follow the wrong—have by an unfortunate chance managed to make themselves interesting. It is always so difficult to make the industrious apprentice an attractive character; and yet this is what the biographer for the most part undertakes to do. For is it not the industrious apprentice always whose life he has to write? In whatever calling the man distinguishes himself, it is still the industrious apprentice who excels. It is commonly not the prodigal son who is written about, but that other whose happier story is told in few and simple words.

Possibly, then, it may be because the lives of such persons as it generally falls to the writer's lot to biographize are often somewhat monotonous, that books of the biographical sort are becoming more uncommon among us. Possibly, also, this phenomenon may be attributed in some degree to the fact that it is needful to deal with so much dry business matter while treating of that long period of the successful man's career which follows the interesting struggles of his earlier life. These causes *may* have something to do with the effect which we have been considering; but I cannot help thinking that the decline of biography is, on the whole, much more attributable to our growing want of veneration for each other, to the wider distribution of a certain amount of talent, and to the frantic mammon-worship which is carried on so enthusiastically that we have no energy left for the more unprofitable culture of our national heroes.

A MOTHER'S WAKING.

ALL night the dews in silence wept,
 And through the pane the moon's
 pale beams
 Played on the floor in silver streams,
 While by my side my baby slept.

So soft, so sweet the midnight stole,
 It stilled the breezes on the lea,
 And hushed the murmur of the sea,
 And hushed the strife within my soul ;

And silenced all the questions wild
 That come between our faith and God,
 And bade me lie beneath the rod
 Calmly, as lay the sleeping child.

Then slumber on my eyelids pressed,
 And dimmed the moonbeam silver
 clear,
 And hid the sound I loved to hear,
 The breathing of the babe at rest ;

Till o'er the sea in rosy light
 The flush of morning slowly crept,
 And whispering breezes softly swept
 The silent shadows of the night.

Then wrapped in dreamland far away
 I saw the angels come and go,
 And flutter of their white wings show
 Like ocean bird at dusk of day.

They came and looked within my eyes
 With their sweet eyes so pure and true,
 And sang low songs all strange and
 new,
 The music of the eternal skies.

But, waking, lo ! a cherub smiled,
 Heaven in his soft eyes' azure deep,
 And radiant from his rosy sleep
 An angel half, and half a child.

And little hands were touching me,
 And tiny rills of laughter broke
 From lips that kissed me as I woke,
 And called my name in baby glee.

And all the vision heavenward swept
 Lost in the gold and crimson sky,
 Their farewell whispers floating by ;
 One angel in my arms I kept.

E. M. MURRAY.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURE AS A GUIDE TO ART.

BY J. L. ROGET.

THE general maxim, that the purest source of artistic inspiration is to be found by studying the works of Nature, is one which must have a certain power of enforcing itself upon all. To deny it would imply either a blindness to beauty, which few persons are ready to acknowledge, or a certain want of reverence, with which none would like to be charged. There are two separate classes of artists to whom the maxim may be considered applicable—namely, the IMITATIVE and the CREATIVE artists ; the painters and sculptors, on the one hand, and the designers, the architects, and the decorators, on the other. There

is an obvious and broad distinction between these two classes as fit subjects for the application of our maxim. If Nature guides the one, it is by precept only ; if the other, it is by example as well. The works of Nature are models of Creative Art, but they comprise no specimen of the Imitative Arts. Nature herself is neither a painter nor a sculptor. Before the dawn of science, a different opinion might have been entertained. There was a time for belief that the organic forms we find imbedded in hard rocks were shaped by angel chisels in imitation of the living creatures, and that the Argus eyes which glitter in a

peacock's tail, and the insect forms of flowers, had some pretty meaning in their chance resemblance. That time is past. We know that Nature does not herself practise the Imitative Arts. With the Creative Arts the case is entirely different; and the advice to study the works of the great Creator has in their case a very intelligible and definite meaning.

Yet it is much more difficult to follow this advice than would be supposed at first sight; for everything depends upon the kind of study which is pursued. It has been found in practice that the possession of a facile hand and a correct eye is not in itself enough to convert a learned naturalist into a good painter. A draughtsman may succeed in copying the forms of Nature with all the accuracy of a photograph, and yet fail to infuse anything of the artistic element into his pictures.

I believe, however, that the sources of failure in such cases are generally to be found in two false assumptions, which are virtually made by some of the most zealous pupils of the school of Nature. One is, that every portion of the work of Nature is, of necessity, beautiful; the other is, that all this beauty is capable of being reproduced by the hand of the artist.

As to the first point, it would be the extreme of presumption to deny that the whole scheme of creation may be one of infinite beauty as well as infinite goodness. But, whatever may be the truth with regard to Nature as a whole, there is nothing inconsistent or unlikely in the belief that deformity is to be met with in the natural, as well as evil in the moral, world. If we admit this, it becomes the business of the artist to make a selection from the appearances presented to him, and to distinguish those which are worthy, from those which are unworthy, of admiration.

This brings him face to face with the main obstacle to his progress in natural study. If Nature herself holds up to him models of unequal merit, who shall direct him in his choice? There is no

want of volunteers for the office. Professors and critics in plenty are ever ready to supply the required instruction, and to lay down rules and principles for the artist's guidance. Academies of Art are formed to keep its canons pure and undefiled. "*Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" What test is there of the truth of these rules of composition, and principles of selection? The answer usually made is by an appeal to further human authority—to the taste of civilized people, and the opinion of those who have been canonized as the great masters.

Now there is a convenient theory which gets over much of the difficulty here presented, and whereby, in fact, the knot was cut by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He simply declared that good taste was itself the teaching of Nature. "My notion of Nature," he says, "comprehends not only the forms which nature produces, but also the nature and internal fabric and organization, as I may call it, of the human mind and imagination. The terms beauty, or Nature, which are general ideas, are but different modes of expressing the same thing, whether we apply these terms to statues, poetry, or pictures. Deformity is not Nature, but an accidental deviation from her accustomed practice. This general idea, therefore, ought to be called Nature; and nothing else, correctly speaking, has a right to that name." I am far from denying the truth of this position; but it will be observed that it still leaves undecided the disputes of doctors as to what is properly to be accounted as good taste. If there be deformity in the material works of Nature, so may there be obliquity in the natural judgment of men's minds. Is there no court of appeal sitting in which we may take the judgment of Nature herself upon the points in dispute? The only method I can descry of arriving at such a decision is by a fresh study, conducted in a more philosophic manner, of the works of Nature; not regarding their outward appearances as a series of facts to be recorded by the artist, but seeking

rather to examine the operation of these facts in conveying emotions of delight to the human mind. I think it extremely probable that this study would lead to the conclusion that there is but one true standard of good in taste, as in morality. We should very likely find that similar phenomena have a tendency to produce similar emotions of delight in all minds, and that the varieties of taste which now exist are partly caused by the unequal susceptibilities of different minds, and partly by associations and habits which obscure these emotions, and often prevent us from detecting their presence. But, while these diversities of taste exist, every artist must be content to act upon his own individual impressions of the beauty of nature, and make them his sole guide to the interpretation of her works.

With respect to the second fallacy to which I have referred—that of assuming it possible to reproduce in our copy all the beauty of the original—no one can deny that a *true* copy of a beautiful object must itself be beautiful. But what picture that ever was painted can be upheld as a *true* copy? The materials with which the artist works, his limited range of light and shade, and the incomparable littleness of his power, are enough to account for his utter failure when he attempts a literal transcript of any but the most trivial facts. Something must obviously be omitted, and in that something the greater part of the beauty of the original may chance to be contained.

We may observe, therefore, that, besides the philosophic inquiry before mentioned, there is another and a special kind of study demanded of the artist, which differs entirely from that required of the historian. The painter or sculptor who would succeed in his art, must first feel the beauty of what he attempts to reproduce, and must learn in what qualities of Nature the causes of his emotion lie; but, secondly, he must ascertain which of those qualities are beyond and what within the capabilities of his art. He will then be in a position to apply that art with effect,

and, partly by imitation, but much more by suggestion of what his limited materials are insufficient to reach, he can interpret the tale to others which Nature has told to him.

So much, then, for the Imitative Arts. I turn now to the Creative Arts of the designer, the architect, and the decorator, in whose case we have observed that the advice to study Nature as a guide is much more intelligible and definite than when addressed to the painter or the sculptor.

The most obvious course for a designer, who would pursue his art under the guidance of Nature, is to search among her works for similar objects to those he proposes to design, in order that he may make his own practice conformable to the precedent so set before him. But here, at the very outset, his difficulties begin. Where is he to find the analogies he wants? The very sentence under which man lives by the sweat of his brow, the very want which the artificer supplies, would seem to tell him that he is working in a field which Nature has purposely left uncultivated. It is only to make up for our natural deficiencies that the useful arts are called into requisition. Hence similar conditions to those to which the designer has to apply his art may be looked for in vain in the natural creation. What we are required to make and desire to beautify are the very things which Nature has not made for us.

It may be suggested that we shall find precedents where other animals have, by the inspiration of a wondrous instinct, been taught to supply their own wants. Nests of birds, the web of the spider, the honey-comb, and the coral are admitted to be beautiful, although the same quality may perhaps be denied to the hill of the ant and the hut of the beaver. But the wants of man are so different from the wants of these animals that it is almost impossible to deduce a precedent from such examples. Easy as it is to hold them up for imitation in a general way, any supposed parallel with them would generally be felt by the working

artist as fanciful in the extreme ; and, indeed, the examples themselves differ so much from each other as scarcely to admit of the application of any principle common to them all.

As we despair, then, from the very nature of the case, of finding any objects which will afford complete models for imitation, the next inquiry would be for incidental analogies—for cases in which the design of Nature may be supposed to coincide in some particulars with the task allotted to man. Still we shall find the subject surrounded by difficulties. I will take a very familiar example—the art of dress. There is nothing in Nature which precisely answers to the idea of dress. Princes are not born with coronets on their brows ; the story of Minerva's entry into the world has long since been given up as incredible ; and, if ever a donkey did dress himself in a lion's skin, or a wolf in sheep's clothing, I am sure that he was not actuated thereto by any natural instinct. But seeming analogies are easily to be found. It requires no straining of the poetic licence to talk of a hill-side clothed with verdure, and meadows dressed with the flowers of spring. And, although it is true, at least in this climate, that we are forced to supply ourselves with clothing which Nature has not provided, we may very reasonably regard the feathers of birds and the fur of beasts as bearing the same relation to their wants that great-coats, and (in a minor degree) fashionable bonnets bear to ours. But the detection of any analogy of which the artist can make practical use is a matter of much greater difficulty. Mr. Marshall has pointed out that the skin and fur which cover the rabbit and the hare not only answer the purpose of clothing, but are used by Nature to correct and conceal the necessary deformity of internal structure. When these creatures have to be prepared for dressing, in the culinary sense of the word, we perceive how their natural covering contributed to their beauty. The agreeable appearance of a leveret in a dish is dependent on associations with which the eye has nothing to do. For the purpose of the

toilette the analogy of the clothing of the animal has no existence. It is not the practice of Nature to conceal by clothing, except where the result would show an increased beauty. If we admit that the human form is not susceptible of this increase of beauty, it would seem to follow that we must seek for our laws of ordinary dress in some other source than that of Nature. To this, however, the artist will answer, with some truth, that his conception of dress is not that of a covering which conceals form. It is rather that of a covering which is based upon, and may sometimes enhance, but never denies, the natural beauty of form. This idea of dress is much more closely represented in Nature by the ivy or creeping plants which adorn a cliff-side, or hang in garlands from the trees, than by the wool of a sheep or the shell of a lobster. It may, indeed, be thought by many a fatal objection to this definition, that it requires us to discard from the category of dress one of the most important articles of modern female attire. This it would be necessary to regard as a sort of case designed for a portable habitation, and it would be this case and not the human figure that would in reality be dressed. I am not so indiscreet as to deny that a bell-shaped receptacle of the human form may possess an independent beauty of its own ; but that is not the question before us. Even by thus limiting our definition of dress we advance no further in our search for precedents ; for the most expert *modiste* would be sorely puzzled at having to prepare a court costume on the model of a vine or a Virginia creeper.

Thus we see how our fancied analogies are apt to break down, if we look them full in the face, or attempt to apply to them a practical test. If we take, again, a more general view of creation, the very nature and scope of organic design would seem to separate it from human art. Unlike the creations of man, the animate works of Nature are susceptible of constant change and growth, and adapted to the requirements of life, and motion, and perpetual reproduction.

The graceful forms they possess would seem to be denied to the use of artificers who have not the breath of life at their command. Mr. Fergusson has drawn an ingenious analogy between the art of architecture and the natural design displayed in the human form. Yet what is there in the animal functions of man to liken him to a house? How much of his form is evidently designed for movement and locomotion, which would be utterly unsuited to the building of any house, except a caravan!

Again, we cannot fail to observe that the *growth* of an animal or vegetable is entirely different from that of an object made with hands. A baby-cottage does not spring from a germ, and expand itself into a palace, but the palace is built up—stone by stone—from the level of the earth. Instead of developing our creature *by means* of a vital force, our labour is mainly employed in *counteracting* another of Nature's forces—that of gravity. Art and Nature would seem to be in opposition, and striving against each other for the mastery. Not, indeed, that the piling of one stone upon another is to be reckoned as a fine art; but there can be no architecture without building—no decoration without something to decorate. And it is important to observe that it is from the actions of those very forces, which we have to overcome before our fine art begins that some at least of the beauty of Nature is admitted to arise. Have we not noted the beauty of natural drapery, upon which the force of gravity is allowed to act without restraint? And yet we see that the destruction of this beautifying agency is often one of the preliminary conditions of Art.

Thus man's industry is not only confined to a distinct field from the work of Nature, but must ever be occupied in opposing her action. Nature sends rain, and man makes umbrellas. It is a sense of this hopeless separation that makes the march of civilization in rural places a subject of so much regret to the lover of Nature. He cannot behold without sadness the lines of streets advancing with serried ranks across the fields, and

completing the work of destruction begun by the swarm of villas which had settled on her borders. Nor can he escape a passing suspicion that, when Art ascends the throne, Nature has no place at the council-board. It is small comfort to be told that the triumph is but for a time. Yet so it is. Leave our house untenanted, and it soon falls into decay; for Nature steps in to claim her reversion, our frail Art trembles at her touch, and she strikes to earth the temple we had designed to reach to heaven. Yet, while she destroys with one hand, with the other she builds again, renewing ever to our sight the same creative charm in which we had fondly hoped to find the clue to Art. Where her foot falls, fresh beauties rise, and still cry shame upon the handiwork of man. His frescoes walls she tints with softer hues. His finest tracery is coarse beside the foliage which clings around it; and every blossom tells how vain was the poet's fancy that—

“Nor herb nor flow’ret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.”

It may have been owing to a perception of the many difficulties to which I have referred, and to a sense of hopeless inferiority to Nature, coupled with a deep admiration of her beauty, that the creative artists of almost all ages and countries have had a tendency to seek for refuge and support in the Arts of Imitation. They have endeavoured to bestow upon works of design the gift of language, and to make them tell of absent Nature, in order, in some degree, to reconcile the spectator to their otherwise uncongenial presence.

Now this might be accomplished by other devices besides imitation. To a people advanced in civilization, the easiest way might seem to be afforded by the artifice of symbolism. We might write the names of natural objects all about our works of art. This is a method of pure convention, in which the symbols employed have no connexion with the things described, except what depends upon previous agreement with the persons addressed. But by

this means the suggestion of any actual appearance of nature depends so much on the imagination that it is useless for our purpose. Another kind of symbolism exists in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in heraldic paintings. Here the element of imitation is introduced. The forms and colours employed are as much symbolic as before; but they have been adopted because they bear some resemblance to the objects to be suggested. This is, in fact, a combination of two distinct modes of suggestion, one of which depends on artificial, and the other on natural, association. In their relation to the art of design the latter is quite as much a language as the former.

Bearing this in mind, let us look at the several ways in which the designer may make his creation speak of Nature by means of this language of imitation.

First, he may deliver his work bodily into the hands of the imitative artist. He may so use that art as to leave himself no field for design. If, for example, the four walls of a room were painted with a complete landscape like the late Mr. Burford's panorama, there would be no ornament there at all. I have a box for lucifers, which is simply the statue of a dog, and I have to cut his throat to get at the inside. This sort of adaptation of natural form is a mere substitution for Creative Art. The designer in this case is very like the actors in our so-called pantomimes, who do nothing but talk, and so leave no room for acting.

Secondly, the design may be so arranged that the suggestive element shall have a separate place assigned to it, there being scope for the whole art of the imitative artist in the pictures or pieces of sculpture so introduced, and the proper display of them being considered as one of the primary conditions of the design itself. For example, if the creation be a house, its *façade* may also be regarded as a sculpture gallery; if a dinner-plate, its rim may be treated both as a receptacle for salt, and as the frame of a picture. In neither of these cases is there any interference by the designer with the art of the imitator. If the two elements of

design and imitation co-exist, the result is a mixture only—not a combination.

In the methods of suggestion of which I have now to speak, the two elements are more or less combined. There are two distinct ways of effecting this union:—

First, the general design may be determined without reference to the suggestive element, and then imitations of natural appearances may be added, as matters of detail, and so interwoven with, and introduced upon or within the construction, that they may become an integral part of the whole. The design, in fact, is a sort of skeleton or framework for the imitation. To accomplish this, it will of course be necessary to arrange the natural objects in an artificial manner with reference to the design; and this requirement is in some degree a restraint upon the imitator. But, with the artificial arrangement as a condition, the imitation of these objects may still be carried quite as far as in the preceding cases.

Examples of such painting will be found in the arabesques of Raphael; and of such sculptured ornament in the groups of fruit and flowers on the celebrated gates of Ghiberti at Florence, and the carving of Grinling Gibbons in our own country. In a bronze jug which I have before me, the form of the handle has first been designed, and then a portion of a human figure and some bird's wings have been modelled upon the chosen curve. The figure, of course, is in an artificial attitude, but the imitation is carried as far as the material allows. To take again our illustration of the dinner-plate, the rim will no longer be a mere set-off to the picture, but the composition of the picture will be governed by the shape of the rim.

It is plain that here the designer has a more important part to play than hitherto; but still he is working under some restraint, and, having carried forward his design to a certain point, he is obliged to retire, and leave the whole field open to the imitative artist. This is the method chiefly advocated by critics who belong to what is called the school of NATURALISM.

Finally, we arrive at a method of suggestion wherein the designer assumes a position of still greater prominence, and the imitative artist holds the second place only. Here not only the arrangement of the objects imitated, but the extent of the imitation is restricted by the nature of the design. Of the qualities which go to make up our idea of the object to be suggested, only such are allowed to be represented to our eyes as it could possess in common with the actual thing that we see before us. This I take to be the fundamental idea involved in the teaching of the so-called CONVENTIONAL school. An example of this method in sculptured ornament is afforded by the lotus capitals of Egypt, as compared with the natural foliage in some kinds of Gothic architecture.

Under this system of the Conventional School the designer is about as free as the imitator is under that of the Natural School. The condition of suggesting nature may be fulfilled without at all diverting the spectator's attention from the object created. But it will also be perceived that the language which speaks of nature has now begun to partake of the conventional character which we recognised in the case of hieroglyphics. The qualities which it has been found necessary to omit from the representation are only suggested to the mind by a process of natural association.

I believe that these considerations will give us the key to a controversy, which has been carried on for some time, between these two schools of Naturalism and Conventionalism. It is nothing more than a contest between the Imitative and the Creative artists. Each loves his own art the best, and advocates that system which gives it the greatest scope. The designer feels himself fettered by the necessity of introducing perfect works of Imitative Art into his designs. The painter and sculptor perceive that the qualities omitted by the Conventionalist are not unfrequently the very qualities upon which the beauty of the natural object depends. I am not about to enter into

the controversy in question. My object in thus passing in review the different methods of suggestion is merely to assign its true place to the art of imitation, which, instead of being looked upon as a language, is often confounded with the art of design.

An imaginary series of wall-papers will help to exemplify the different styles I have referred to.

1. *Design*.—A pattern of forms, shades, and colours only.

2. *Imitation*.—A representation of marble.

3. *Imitation + Design*.—A geometrical net-work, with separate pictures in the interstices.

4. *Imitation × Design*.—*Naturalism*.—Roses naturally grouped upon a repeated form. *Conventionalism*.—Fleurs-de-lys powdered over the surface.

Now, if I have made myself clear, it will be seen that, by thus seeking the aid of Imitative Art, the Creative artist does not in reality bring his practice one whit nearer to that of Nature. He only places himself under an artificial condition which limits and restricts the field of his operations. Except as affecting the extent of this restriction, he has no direct interest in the disputes of the Naturalists and Conventionalists. Nature belongs to neither the one school nor the other. The patterns she designs give delight because they themselves are beautiful, not because they remind us of something else.

I do not say that the artist should rebel against these conditions. If he can look upon all these works as mere compositions of form, shade, and colour, he will find room enough for his own particular art. But let him remember that in using imitation he is not taking Nature as a guide to Art, but making his art a guide to Nature.

The condition of suggesting Nature is often one to which the Creative artist is obliged to conform. Let us see whether there are any further conditions which he may be required to fulfil. To illustrate this inquiry, imagine a certain goblet to have attracted (whether properly or not is of no sort of consequence)

the admiration of a variety of persons. The Natural school of which I have spoken will have admired the goblet for the sake of the wreath of grapes and vine-leaves which surrounds it; and even the Conventional school may be pleased with the resemblance of the shape of the cup to the opening flowers of certain plants. Among those persons who are willing to admit an independent source of admiration, and have any theory at all on the subject, we shall find an extraordinary variety of opinions. Many would derive their emotion from an innate beauty belonging to certain definite forms, of which this partakes. Edmund Burke will attribute its beauty to the quality of smoothness. Sir Uvedale Price, admitting this kind of beauty, will say that it has the additional charm of the picturesque, arising from the roughness of the vine leaves, the angles of its outline, and the multitude of its parts. William Hogarth will assert that the waving line is the key to its elegance; and both he and the late J. D. Harding will give greater importance than other writers to the element of variety in its dimensions. Next there will arise a chorus of witnesses in praise of its proportion; but these will vary greatly in their definition of the term they use. One will give his in the words of Euclid. One will trace an analogy with the principles of harmony in sound; another will base the whole beauty of proportion upon the simplicity of prime ratios of numbers; while a fourth will sigh for the lost canon of the Greeks, and a German professor will evolve the idea of beauty from the application of a geometrical scale. One philosopher will see in the goblet no higher merit than regularity of form, and another will attribute its charm to that quality combined with delicacy and smoothness; while the Board of Trade will commend the designer for making it conformable to the laws of symmetry and series. Apart from all these witnesses, we shall have the followers of Mr. Alison, tracing their ideas of its beauty to the various agreeable asso-

ciations they happen to connect with it. The polite founder of the school may be pleasantly reminded of classical symposia, and the crown of Dionysus; while some of his less refined disciples will derive more gratification from the thought of beer. Admirers of the Utilitarian school will like it for its fitness. They will note with satisfaction that it is easy to hold, and to drink from; that it stands firmly on its pedestal; and that it is very large. So we may multiply the requirements to enable it to gratify the tastes of all, each according to his own pet system of philosophy. The manufacturer will refuse to call it beautiful unless it be substantial and well-made. The frugal housewife would like it cheap, and the merchant-prince would scorn it unless it were dear. The world will buy it if it be fashionable, and collectors will prize it only when it becomes unique. Every one of these multitudinous admirers will apply his own test of merit in judging of the artist's work.

If, then, these several witnesses have not been deceived as to the origin of their emotions, it follows that the designer will give them entire satisfaction if he make his work conformable to their several theories. It may naturally appear, therefore, to the student of design, whom we will assume to be a tractable youth, unencumbered by stubborn theories of his own, that all he has to do, to become perfect in his art, is to make himself acquainted with the theories of others, and apply them as the nature and object of his work may require. But I think it must be clear that this mere following or adoption of theories because they are the theories of those employers for whom the artist works is a very different thing from what we are accustomed to think of as Fine Art.

The truth of this will, I think, appear in the aspect of the matter which chiefly concerns us in the present inquiry. The mere following of the theories of others, or the mere obedience to rules, as rules, excludes us from the study of Nature as a guide to Art. And yet this methodical system is of the essence of academic

teaching. Certain rules are laid down, which the pupil is required to obey; and these rules he is taught to regard as principles of Art. To do more than this does not lie within the power of a master; and even this assumes his teaching to be of the most liberal kind. Generally he confines it within much narrower bounds. He teaches only the special theory which he himself believes to be true, and thus he limits the range of persons whom the pupil can gratify by his Art to that class of theorists to which the teacher belongs. Of course, it is incumbent upon professors who uphold our general maxim to show that the principles of Art which they lay down are derived from the study of Nature. But it is open to the pupil to take this for granted, and, without any real opinion of his own, to devote himself entirely to a mere mechanical following of rule. We sometimes do this in more weighty matters than ornamental Art.

Passing, however, from student to master, let us look at the theories of two rival schools which exist among us, and both of which do profess to be founded on natural study. The theory of Mr. Ruskin, with respect to beauty of form, is as follows:—He conceives that the forms in creation which are most frequently presented to men's eyes are those which God has pre-determined that it shall be man's nature to love. He infers that it is man's duty to consider these forms as beautiful, and to make use of them in his art. "All beautiful lines," he tells us, "are adaptations of those which are commonest in the external creation." On this theory he argues that it is our duty to employ the pointed arch in building, because the leaves of trees are most frequently pointed. He praises the flattened egg-shape in a certain ornament because it happens to be like a common pebble from the sea-beach. He characterizes the Greek fret as ugly, because the only approach to a natural resemblance which he can trace for it is that of certain unique crystals of bismuth; while he extols the beauty of

another ornament, which is often met with in the churches of Lombardy, because its forms occur in a variety of common crystals.

I have no space to point out the difficulties which stand in the way of the acceptance of this theory, my object being merely to place it side by side with the principle of another school. Mr. Owen Jones, one of the most eminent expositors of the system sanctioned by the Board of Trade, in its department of Practical Art, and who, equally with Mr. Ruskin, upholds the guidance of Nature, pursues his study as follows:—He traces in her works certain general laws of the distribution of form; and, observing that no style of ornament is universally admired which does not conform to these laws, infers that they are laws of beauty.

The two methods of study, then, amount respectively to this. Mr. Ruskin would obey the presumed injunctions of Nature, by copying the most frequent of her forms. Mr. Owen Jones would follow her dictates by imitating the most common qualities of her forms. Mr. Ruskin's motive is a pious submission to the will of God, as inferred from the ordinary aspect of creation. Mr. Jones contends that we can have no proper admiration of man's work unless it has a precedent in the general laws of natural design.

Both systems equally get over our difficulty of the want of analogy between Nature and Art. Mr. Ruskin's use of common forms has no reference to their application in Nature; and a great argument in favour of the Board of Trade principles is that they are applicable to every kind of design. There is no analogy, but that of shape, between a leaf and a Gothic window; and, except that they have certain qualities of form in common, a South Kensington student, who likened himself unto a tea-pot, would be liable to suspicions of incipient catalepsy.

But, to us, the most important aspect of the two schools is this: the one looks upon Nature as a despotic lawgiver, whom the artist is bound to obey; the other treats her as a court of ultimate appeal, to affirm or over-rule, as the case

may be, our previous decisions. In this view, there is little difference between them. The result of each is to reduce the teaching of Nature to a level with that of the pedagogue. A writing-master can set before us copies for imitation; and we may learn to do sums, on a system of faith that whenever answers have been universally admitted to be right, this will always be found to be in accordance with certain natural laws of addition, subtraction, and so forth.

On this system, the student may arrive at a certain point of technical ability without possessing any of the attributes of an artist. But he can never hope to raise the condition of Art itself—or, in short, become a true artist—as long as he looks upon Nature's laws (whether of individual form or of the general qualities of form) as purely arbitrary. He must feel within himself an irresistible conviction that they are laws of beauty, or they will avail him nothing. If he would use them himself, he must test them himself. If he begins by assuming that a rule of natural form must be a law of beauty, he will never get on any further. The only course from which he can hope for progress is this:—Let him examine such of the works of Nature as inspire him with emotions of delight. If he thinks he can trace any of these emotions directly to the presence of some quality which an object possesses, let him search for the same quality in other objects, and try whether the same emotions arise within him whenever this quality is present, and are absent whenever it is absent. By such a process—it is the well-known method of scientific induction—he may not only obtain the conviction he wants (that is, if it be a *true* conviction), but he may do more. He may learn to estimate the *relative value* of particular qualities, as affecting his emotions of delight. He may find that the law which professors would teach him to obey is, undoubtedly, one of

beauty, but that it does not account for the special charm which a particular object has for his mind.

The student need not be deterred by the philosophical character of the pursuit. The lesson of beauty is one which is revealed to babes. The untaught savage, who has nothing to guide him but a simple delight in Nature, is often a better designer than the learned professor of Ornamental Art. This fact is a very striking one; and, perhaps, we may learn from it that, in the practice of Art, the accumulated learning of ages will be only an incumbrance to the artist, unless he can distinguish his emotions of beauty, and keep them pure.

My object has not been to magnify the difficulty of the study of Nature as a guide to Art, but rather to show that the main difficulty arises from our not knowing how to begin that study. We have seen how many requirements the designer is obliged to fulfil. He must not interfere with the uses of the object he has to beautify. He may have to give room in his design for the work of the imitative artist. He must conform to a given style. He must follow the fashion of the times, and, perhaps, obey the caprice of his employer; and he may not dare to oppose the theories of the learned. If he is content to pursue his art as a trade, he may stop here, and need not go to Nature at all. But, if he would become a true artist, he must treat all these requirements as the conditions of his work, and feel that, when he has satisfied them, his art has yet to begin. Then let him enter the school of Nature, and be guided by what he feels within himself to be the love of her beauty, and her beauty alone; and he will learn, from the infinite variety in which this beauty is unfolded to him, that there are no human conditions, however hard, which do not admit of some reflection, however faint, of her boundless grace.

NOTE ON THE ARTICLE "SUBSCRIPTION NO SECURITY," IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

BY THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

DR. HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel, who is distinguished for his knowledge of the annals of the University, and has been one of the chief actors in the academic history of his own time, has courteously called my attention to two errors in the Article above-named.

I. In p. 467, it is said that Subscription was first required from *Graduates*, as well as Undergraduates, at the instance of Leicester, in 1581.

There seems to be no reference to *Graduates* in Wood's Annals, either in that year or in any previous year. But as Subscription was certainly imposed on Graduates about that time, I followed others in regarding the whole transaction as one. The Provost, however, has disinterred from the old University documents a Statute imposing Subscription on Graduates, passed Oct. 25, 1576. There is certainly no evidence to connect Leicester's name with this Statute. But, as he had been Chancellor for twelve years, as he had constantly exercised a controlling power over the University, and had taken a forward part in banishing Roman Catholics from her pale, it is probable that the Statute of 1576, as that of 1581, was approved by him.

II. In p. 472, it is stated that the Oath to observe the Statutes of the University continued to be exacted from Undergraduates, till they were prohibited by the Act of 1854, § 43.

But it is plain that the only oaths so prohibited were those of allegiance and supremacy; for the Oath to obey the Statutes had been repealed by the University herself in 1837.

Yet it can hardly be said to have been repealed *without compulsion*. And, if so, the argument remains untouched, though a slight alteration in the words is required.

To explain the matter fully, it is necessary to refer to transactions in Parliament between the years 1834 and 1837.

In March, 1834, petitions were presented by the Prime Minister (Lord Grey) in the House of Lords, and by the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Spring Rice) in the Commons, signed by sixty-three resident members of the Senate at Cambridge, among whom appeared the eminent names of Sedgwick, Airy, Lee, Peacock, Bowstead, Thirlwall, and others, second to none (said Lord Grey) in general and scientific knowledge, in high character, and in zealous attachment to the interests of the Church. The prayer of the petition was that Dissenters should be admissible to Degrees; and the interest felt in the matter is shown by the facts that it was introduced by elaborate speeches from the Ministers, and gave rise to animated debates—the debate in the Lower House being twice adjourned.

This Petition was followed (April 17th) by a Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. George Wood, by which it was proposed to admit all His Majesty's subjects equally to Degrees, "notwithstanding their diversities of religious opinion; Degrees in Divinity alone excepted." Leave was given to bring in the Bill by 185 votes against 44. The second reading was carried (June 20th) by 321 to 147, after a vigorous debate, in which the most remarkable speech was that delivered in favour of the principle of the Bill by the present Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley. The third reading was opposed by Mr. Gladstone and others, and finally carried (July 28th) by 164 to 75. It was then brought into the House of Lords by Lord Radnor, but was rejected on the second reading (Aug. 1st) by 187 votes to 85.

In the following year, 1835, a Bill simply to abolish the requirement of Subscription was introduced by the same peer, and was rejected (July 14th) by 163 to 57.

These naked statements will show the great interest that was then taken in the condition of the Universities; and a perusal of the debates will greatly strengthen the impression thus received.

Now in the course of these debates, the question of the Oaths exacted by the University and Colleges was raised. Mr. Stanley alluded to them as mere forms in contrast to the more serious obligations entailed by Subscription (xxiv Hans. 687); and Lord Radnor spoke pointedly of the absurdity of the Oaths still exacted by the Universities and Colleges, to show how lightly solemn obligations had come to be regarded by the academical authorities (xxv Hans. 824). His lordship followed up the matter next year by moving for a return of all Oaths exacted at Oxford, and justified his motion by an elaborate speech (xxvi Hans. 576).

The result of this inquiry appeared two years afterwards, when Lord Radnor moved for a Parliamentary Commission to deal with the whole subject (xxxvii Hans. 1001). This proposal was defeated. But, a month later, he moved for a Committee of the House with the same end in view. On that occasion, the Duke of Wellington stated that, very shortly after he became Chancellor of Oxford [i.e. in 1834], he had recommended the governing body of the University to obtain a remedy for the evils that "arose out of the existence of obsolete and impracticable Statutes, which were not only useless, but injurious;"

and he further said that the University was "prepared to make all the inquiries that were necessary, and all the alterations that it would be in the power of Parliament to make" (xxxviii Hans. 667). Lord Camden gave a similar promise on behalf of the sister University and its Colleges. All the speakers on the side of the Universities made admission of the propriety, if not the necessity, of alteration. Lord Radnor, relying on these concessions, withdrew his motion.

This debate took place on the 8th of May, 1837.

It was on the 23rd of November, 1837, that the measure was passed at Oxford, by which Undergraduates were henceforth to be released from the oath of obedience to the Statutes.

It is fair to add that a number of superfluous oaths had been removed by the University of Oxford, *proprio motu*, in 1827. Some others had been abolished, and some modified, in 1835 and 1836.

But the abolition of the particular oath in question seems to have been the direct consequence of the Duke's engagement, not the unforced, spontaneous act of the University. So, at least, it was understood by Lord Radnor, whose statement was not contradicted by the Duke, in the debate that followed on the 21st of December, just a month after the Oath had been repealed (xxxix Hans. 1385).

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS : ETON.

In Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper, "A French Eton: Part III," in our last number, there occurred the following statement:—"The most experienced and acute of Oxford heads of Houses told me himself that, when he spoke to an undergraduate the other day about trying for some distinguished scholarship, the answer he got was: "Oh, the men from the great schools don't care for those things now; the men who care about them are the men

"from Marlborough, Cheltenham, and "the second-rate schools."

A correspondent from Eton, who thinks that this statement is calculated to convey an unfair impression of the present state of our great public schools, sends us some comments upon it, with reference more particularly to Eton. He says:—

"To show how untrue this statement is, with regard to Eton at least (for I

will not undertake to answer for any other school), it will be but necessary to quote from two letters which appeared in the *Eton College Chronicle* within the last fortnight. The first is from a Cambridge man. He says:

"The following is an account of the success of Etonians at Cambridge, in 1862, 1863, and to April 11, 1864, omissions excepted:—

CLASSICAL.

17 First Classmen.

1 Senior Classic.

3 Chancellor's Classical Medallists.

2 Member's Prizemen.

1 Browne's Medallist, for Latin Ode.

1 Carus, Greek Testament Prizeman.

Sundry Second and Third Classmen.

ENGLISH.

2 Le Bas Prizemen.

MATHEMATICAL.

5 Wranglers, if not more.

Sundry Senior and Junior Optimes.

"This is what Eton has done at Cambridge; now let us turn to the Oxonian account; it is dated Oxford, April 28.

"The following account (omissions excepted) of the successes obtained by Eton men at Oxford may, perhaps, be equally interesting (with the account given above):—

"In the Public Examinations of 1862 and 1863 there were—

2 Double Firsts.

10 First Classmen.

10 Second Classmen.

16 Third Classmen.

"The following University prizes have lately been won by Etonians:—

Stanhope Historical Essay, 1861.

Junior Mathematical Scholarship, 1863.

Taylorian Scholarship, 1863.

Besides twelve open Scholarships and

Demyships now held by old Etonians at Balliol, Trinity, Magdalene, &c. When it is remembered how many of Eton's best classical scholars are to be found at Cambridge, the above facts must be acknowledged to confer no small amount of κῆδος upon the school.

"Those two letters surely contain proof enough that the men from second-rate schools are not the only ones who care for intellectual honours.

"I think I have said enough now to show how untrue Mr. Arnold's assertion is, as far as Eton is concerned: I can answer for no more, but I have no doubt that other large Public Schools have done nearly as well, making allowances for smaller numbers. It would be well to remove the impression, that Eton boys learn nothing, which seems to be a fixed conviction on so many minds: as a sample of what they have done I may mention that six out of the first nine in the Classical Tripos last year were Etonians. I much doubt whether such a feat has ever been performed by any other school."

Our Correspondent's statements as to the very high proportion of University honours won by Etonians of late years are amply borne out by reference to the calendars of the two Universities; and, although we conceive that Mr. Matthew Arnold may have had in view something deeper than this, in any remarks of his in the course of his article that seemed to reflect generally on the present intellectual condition of those classes of society for whom our great public schools mainly exist, yet, as the particular passage referred to might be misapprehended, we willingly call attention to the facts on which our correspondent properly lays stress.—*Editor.*